



# THE CRAFTSMAN



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## ETHICS AND "THE RING OF THE NIBELUNG": BY CHARLES HENRY MELTZER



HAT art is highest, greatest, which lives longest. So, in the front rank of the masters, stand the authors of the "Iliad" and the "Agamemnon." Near them, through many ages, will no doubt be found their followers, Dante and Shakespeare, Milton and Corneille, Goethe and Schiller. Old Bach and Beethoven, we may be sure, have been admitted to the small company of the immortals. What posterity will say concerning Wagner, we can only, of course, guess. But, despite Nietzsche and his jibes, despite James Huneker, despite the unpardonable extravagance of the Wagnerites, it will be strange indeed if the creator of the complex form of art exemplified in "The Ring of the Nibelung" be not more honored centuries hence than even now.

It is fifty and more years since Wagner wrote the poems of his Tetralogy. Not till long after, however, was the last bar of music composed, and the stupendous work revealed to an astounded world at Bayreuth. At first the amazement which "The Ring" provoked was largely mingled with hostility. Since then, as we all know, the most stubborn have confessed its power and charm. Even in Italy, that home of melody—even in France, where for a time hatred, patriotic and intelligible hatred, of the man Wagner made it difficult to do justice to his genius, "The Ring," with its Norse myths and Greek spirit, its Teutonic intricacies and barbaric inconsistencies, has triumphed.

Of the thousands and tens of thousands, who year after year delight in this supreme achievement of Wagner, few, perhaps, trouble themselves as to the ethics or the symbolism of "The Ring." It is the art, made out of all the arts, that holds us spellbound when we attend a performance of "Die Walküre," or "Siegfried," of "Götterdämmerung," or (though in a minor degree) of "Das Rheingold." As

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we drink in the rich, glorious harmonies and changing themes, so marvelously wedded to the strange words of the still stranger characters in the music-drama, and as we feast our eyes upon the enchanting scenes disclosed to us on the stage, can we stay to consider the exact significance of *Fafner*, the morality of *Fricka*, or the philosophy of *Wotan*? Nay, to be frank, would it much matter if the wondrous work had only its own sensuous fascination and dramatic interest to offer us? There be some—and of their number is, in his more flippant moods, James Huneker—who scoff at the suggestion that the magician to whom we owe "The Ring" meant seriously to put any morality, any purpose or philosophy, into his music-drama. And there be those, who, like George Bernard Shaw, declare that, though the most certain undermeanings exist in the myths, music and action of the Tetralogy, they have only a remote connection with what the composer fancied, or pretended, he had conveyed to the world.

**M**R. SHAW, with characteristic confidence in his own conceit, reads anarchism, atheism, socialism, anti-capitalism, Fabianism, into the first three parts of "The Ring," sneering at the fourth ("Götterdämmerung") as "grand opera." It must be confessed, too, that however truculent in expression he may be, he argues plausibly. For it is true, as he reminds us, that, when Wagner sketched out "The Ring," he was quivering with the emotion of a revolution, tragically inferior only to the upheaval of 1793; and it is not impossible that, in shaping his characters and ordering his plots, he was influenced by his then recent conflicts with the authorities of the Fatherland. But to assert, as our reckless Irishman does, that *Alberich* typifies brute modern capitalism, and that *Wotan* is a symbol of the effete governing classes, is to belittle the loveliness of the poem and to nail Wagner upon a cross for the sake of a few epigrams.

Countless efforts have been made to interpret "The Ring." Before venturing upon the audacity of one more attempt to put meaning into the Tetralogy, it would seem respectful to hear, at least, what the composer, in his letters on the subject, tells us he wishes it to signify. And, at this point, it should be remembered that before he conceived the rest of the Tetralogy he had completed his plan of what we know as "Götterdämmerung," meaning it to stand alone as a grand epic, set to music, with *Siegfried* "as the center of a work built up opti-

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mistically on Hellenic Principles." *Siegfried* was devised originally as an ideal and type of Man freed from pain and fear and unmarred by ugliness.

*Brünnhilde*, of all figures in the Tetralogy most beautiful and most noble, at the outset played a relatively small part in the drama. *Wotan* did not appear in it at all; while *Alberich* had only a most trifling place in the whole scheme. Later, and possibly, as Mr. Shaw believes, under the depressing influence of the indignation and disenchantment awakened by the setback of the revolutionary movement (1849), Wagner changed, enlarged and glorified his plan until, according to his own none too modest opinion, "instead of conceiving a phase in the development of the world" he had "grasped the very meaning and essence of the world itself in all its possible phases, and had realized its nothingness."

*Wotan*, Wagner says, was now meant to typify a being "who has wished to drink at the fount of wisdom and to be guided by the counsels of sovereign reason"; *Siegfried* became an embodiment of the being who invariably "obeys the primordial law of instinct"; while *Brünnhilde* was idealized and lifted into a symbol of courage, love, devotion, constancy and self-sacrifice.

ALL of which does but show how wise it might have been in Wagner to refrain, like Shakespeare and Ibsen, from explaining himself to the general. What sense, in the least helpful, can the poor layman hope to make of such explanations as the master vouchsafed when he discussed "The Ring"? Better, far better, might it have been had he confined himself to this utterance, which occurs in a letter to his friend Roeckel: "I now myself realize how much of the whole spirit and meaning of my poem is only made clear by the music. I can not now, for the life of me, even look at the words without the musical accompaniment." At most he might have supplemented those sensible and humble words by a statement, tantamount almost to a confession, made in another letter to his favorite confidant: "How can an artist expect that what he has felt intuitively should be realized perfectly by others, seeing that he himself feels in the presence of his work, if it is true art, that he is confronted by a riddle, about which he, too, might have illusions. . . ." For inspiration, when most high, may be most blind to its own purpose and significance. It is the critics'

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task, not Beethoven's and Goethe's, to read meanings into the "Choral Symphony" and into "Faust." Shakespeare left no key to the psychology of "Hamlet"; and only under compulsion or in self-defence does Gerhart Hauptmann answer when he is questioned as to the symbolism of his fairy plays.

What all of us may see, and all may hear, if we study the music, the text and the performances of the "Nibelung" dramas, is, first, the wonderful and artistic portrayal of a long struggle between various characters—the gnome *Alberich*, the god *Wotan*, the two Giants, the hero *Siegfried*, and the half-human *Hagen*—for the ring which brings power and doom to its possessor. Next we may learn how, to undo the curse, *Wotan* had to submit to the annihilation of himself and Walhalla, while *Brünnhilde*, most brave and true of all the extraordinary figures in the Tetralogy, gives back the ring to its right guardians, the three Rhine-maidens, and offers herself up a willing sacrifice, all love and grief. As to the rest—as to the significance of the story and the characters—we may accept or reject the interpretations of the master, or of his critics and commentators, as we please. One thing alone is forbidden to us—the irreverence and, let it be added, the absurdity of asserting that the genius who invented a new form of art, and who welded together the Greek, Norse and German myths with such amazing skill in the poems of the "Ring" music-dramas, set himself no loftier literary and dramatic ideal than to recast old fairy tales as librettos—appeals merely to the ear and eye, regardless of the soul, the intelligence.

**I**T MAY be straining truth to affirm, as Nietzsche did once in the time of his intimacy with Wagner, that the music of "The Ring" is "moral." In a sense, of course, all art is refining, ennobling and moral. But Nietzsche appears to have meant even more than that. There can, however, be no doubt at all as to the possibility of inculcating morality, or the reverse, in poems. Now Wagner constructed the plot and characters of his Tetralogy largely, though not wholly, out of Norse sagas, German legends and Greek myths, the morality and beauty of which none but the fanatics of obscurantism and Medievalism could deny. Was there ever a Greek myth, was there ever a Norse saga, which was meaningless? Did not *Eros* typify love, and *Psyche* the soul? And can we suppose that Wagner, who had dipped





FROM "BAG ANKINGOLD"

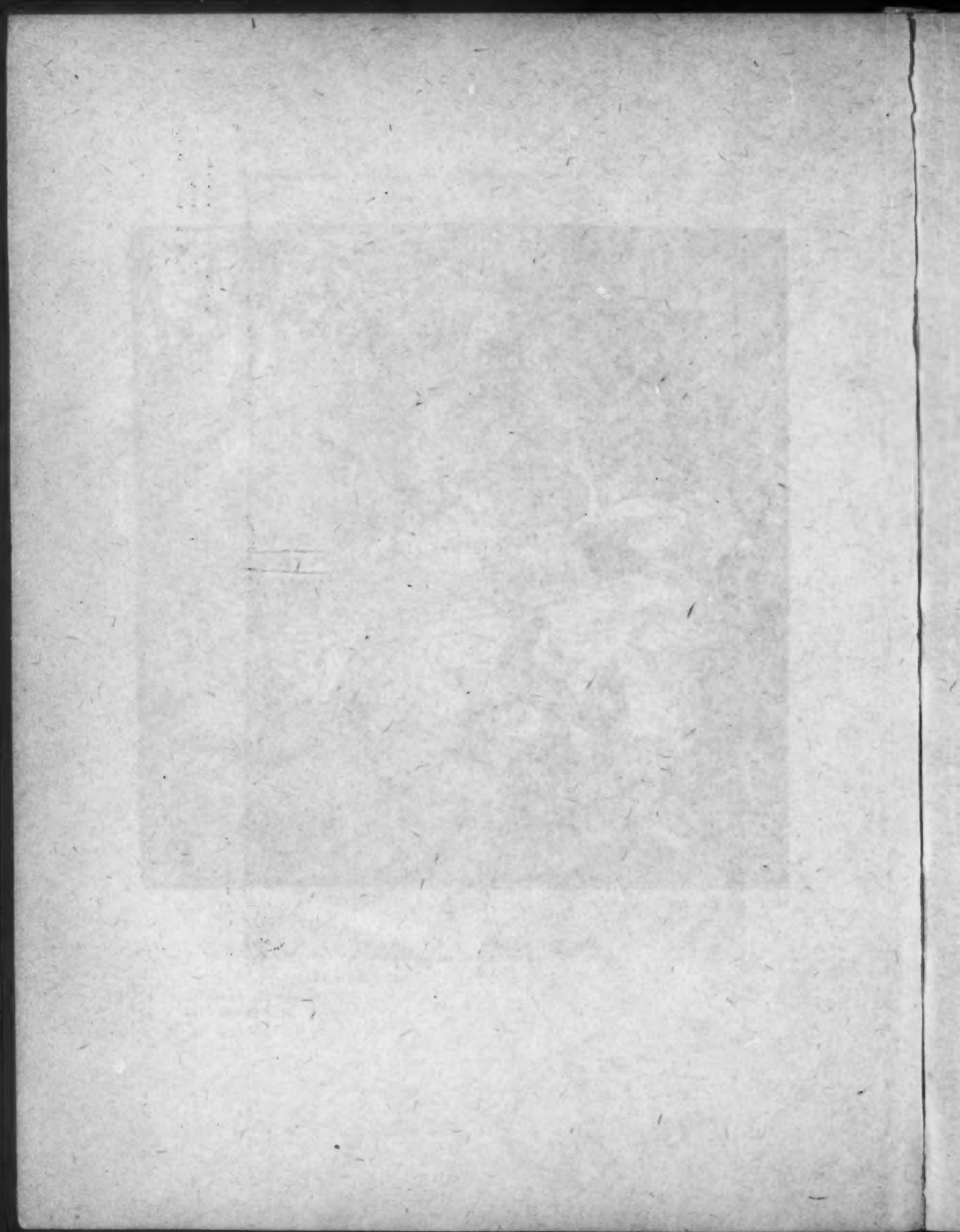
*The Rhine-maidens*  
"WEEA! WAGA!  
WANDER, YE WATERS"





FROM "DIE WILHELM"

Siegmond and Siegfried  
 "LET ME STRIKE  
 TO THEE, DEAD, MYSELF"







FROM "DIE WALKÜRE"

*Brünnhilde*

"THE COWARD SHALL FLEE  
FROM BRÜNNHILDE'S BED"







FROM "SIEGFRIED"

*Siegfried and the Dragon*  
"HERE COMES ONE  
WHO NE'ER LEARN'T TO FEAR"





FROM "GÜTTEDÄMMERUNG"

*The Norns*

"FOR WEAL TO SERVE, AND WOE,  
SETTING THE STRING THUS I SING"

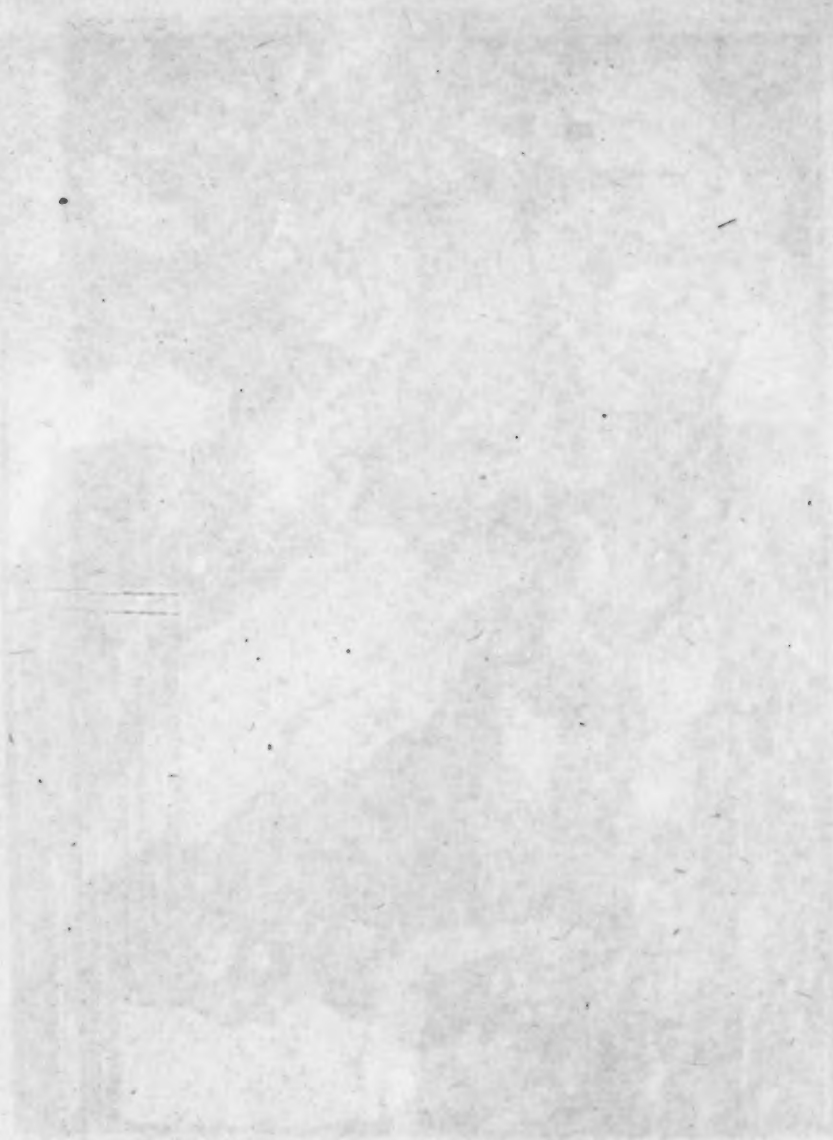






FROM "GÖTTEDÄMMERUNG"

Alberich and Hagen  
"HAGEN, MY SON,  
HATE THOU THE HEATH!"



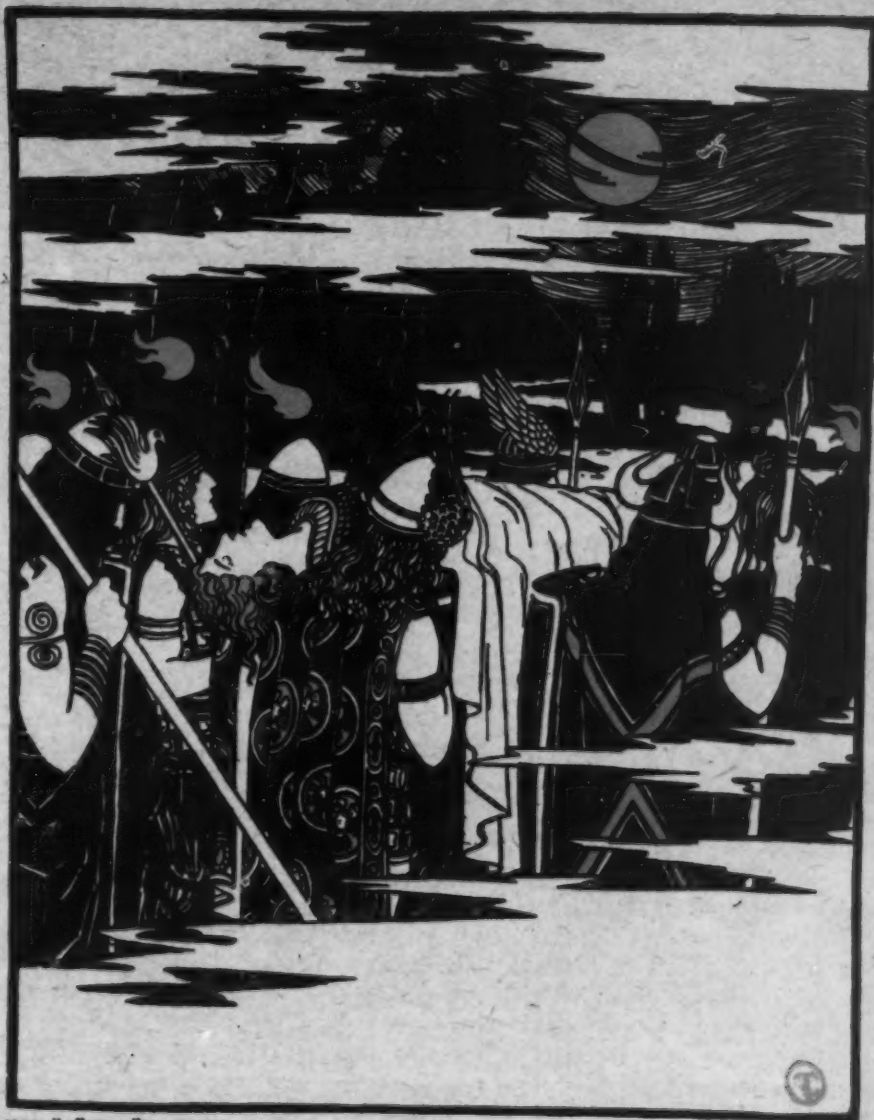


FROM "GÜTTERJÄMMERUNG"

*Rhine-maidens and Siegfried*  
 "SIEGFRIED! SIEGFRIED! SIEGFRIED!  
 SORROW WAITS THERE, WE KNOW."







FROM "GUTTERED LAMP" 1910

*Siegfried's Funeral*  
"THE STALWART HERO  
IS COMING HOME"





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so deeply into the folk-lore of the North and South, was unaware of the significance of the heroic figures whom he utilized? If those who wear their eyes out at the Metropolitan Opera House poring over their librettos were as steeped in symbolism and in mythology as Wagner, they might, as the composer rashly supposed, be able to fathom the philosophy of the Tetralogy without help. To nine-tenths of them, unhappily, the old sagas of the Norsemen are closed books, and the most common myths of Greece are hardly known. Most love "The Ring," not for its ethics, or its philosophy, but for its music, its fantastic shapes and color, its heroic grandeur.

*Wotan*, to most, is only a wandering and rather loquacious personage, described as a god, but with few really god-like attributes. In his relationship to *Alberich* and *Mime*, he has popular sympathy, because he seems to be opposed to villains. In his dealings with *Sieg-mund* and *Brünnhilde* that sympathy is alienated. Yet *Wotan*, father of the gods, is the center of the music-drama, and to misunderstand him is, surely, to miss understanding the main purpose, the dramatic and moral purpose, of "The Ring." *Siegfried*, again, is to the average opera-goer nothing but a fearless and ingenuous youth, or, at the last, an ill-treated and doomed hero. *Brünnhilde*, with her splendid valor, her unwavering love, and her misguided loyalty, is truly the daughter of a god. But to our opera-goers she is chiefly an idealization of womanhood. *Fricka* is a scold who henpecks her poor spouse—when she does not fawn on him. *Mime* and *Alberich* are grotesque dwarfs, no more, no less.

AS TO the lessons suggested in the plots of "The Ring" dramas it might not be exaggerating to say that scarce one in a thousand who are thrilled by the stage performances troubles his soul. If, as in his pessimistic hours the composer assured himself, they were intended to convey no higher truth than that taught by Schopenhauer when he proclaimed the worthlessness of life, this would not matter. But the great lesson taught by *Wotan* and the other characters in the Tetralogy is, as Wagner unquestionably believed, quite different. It has been formulated more than once by students and admirers of "The Ring" dramas as the tragical demonstration of the inevitable triumph of the moral law over those who violate it, whether they be gods, heroes, or mortals. A secondary teaching of

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"The Ring" perhaps is this, that through renunciation and self-sacrifice alone can come redemption. Thus, though Wagner was neither Christian nor too squeamish as to his own mode of life, the general tendency of the Tetralogy might be pronounced almost Christian, but for the intervention of the Pagan thought, that fate itself compels those very outrages against the law which lead to the destruction of the gods, heroes and many of the mortals who appear in the dramas. That added, "The Ring" may still be Calvinistic, or religious, or philosophical or moral. It can surely not be Christian.

It is not greed so much as lust of power and hunger for revenge that leads *Alberich*, the misshapen earth gnome, to commit the crime which leads to the tragedies in "The Ring of the Nibelung." The rape of the gold imposes a curse on all who handle it; and, what is worse, makes all desire to handle it. It is to avert destruction from himself and the other gods, by the possession of the gold, that *Wotan*, at the insidious prompting of the arch deceiver, *Loge*, proves false to his own laws and stoops to treachery. Thenceforward, as he soon himself foresees, he is doomed, even as *Walhalla*, with all its heroes. The order of which the gods have been the emblems and guardians in the world must pass away, to make room for a new power or dispensation, symbolized in *Siegfried*. That also, being in its origin divine as well as heroic, and therefore an inheritor of the curse laid on the gold, must perish after the ring becomes *Siegfried's*.

Then what? When *Walhalla*, with its old gods and faiths, has gone, and even *Siegfried*, symbol of the revolt against dogmas, superstitions and traditions, is dead, what shall follow? The answer may be found in that last glowing episode in "Götterdämmerung," ending with the self-sacrifice of *Brünnhilde*, and in the words, put into *Brünnhilde's* mouth in the printed poem, but not set to music, foreshadowing the reign of love in the now masterless and sorrowing world:

*Selig in Lust und Leid  
Lässt—die Liebe nur sein!*

THE grandeur of the closing scene in "Götterdämmerung," as Wagner conceived it, may be imagined, but can never be made plain on the boards till managers shall have found some way of compelling stage-horses to behave with intelligence, and inducing their

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*Brünnhilde* to take flying leaps into something suggestive of real flames, as Wagner wished and commanded in his stage-directions. Yet, imperfect as the theatrical realization of the composer's dream may always seem, it is vivid enough to haunt us with its beauty long after the curtain falls and the last glorious tones have died in silence. The last memory that we bear away is that of the true wife, the high heroine, the incomparable woman, free, as no other character in the dramas is free, from selfishness; brave beyond even *Siegfried*; beautiful and noble; yet, like all of *Wotan's* race, a victim of fatality. For *Brünnhilde* also sinned against the law when, seeking only to obey the secret wish of her lord and father, she strove to save, instead of slay, the hero *Sigmund*. *Brünnhilde's* punishment for that offense, her degradation from the rank of goddess to that of woman, and the self-immolation of the now fallen *Walküre*, when she restores the ring to the three Rhine-maidens, and so frees mankind from its dark spell, will always remain more admirable than the renunciation of *Wotan*—a renunciation consented to, but inevitable, and almost pitifully trivial by comparison with that of Prince Siddartha, the Buddha, or of the Christ. And because of the stage limitations already mentioned, the acted end of "Die Walküre" leaves a much deeper impression on one than the end of "Götterdämmerung." The poetry of Wagner, purer as to form, and far more exquisite as to expression in "Die Walküre" than in the three other parts of "The Ring," shines more clearly in the "Farewell of Wotan" to *Brünnhilde* than in the "Farewell of Brünnhilde" to humanity, and love and life; and the sleep into which her avenging father plunges the heroine, after depriving her of her godship, can be simulated on the boards, as her self-immolation can not be. However much one may dislike to own the fact, Mr. Shaw, for all his truculence and impertinence, was not so wrong when he objected to the operative conventionality of the closing episode in the great "Ring" drama.

Spots on the sun. What we should cling to when we think of *Brünnhilde* is her loyalty, her devotion, her supreme nobility, her courage, and, above all else, her last heroic deed, which, while uniting her in flame with *Siegfried*, gives the awaited signal for the destruction of Walhalla, the ordained atonement, the sacrifice of sacrifices, pregnant with good to men, which must precede, and clear the way for the new Day.



REMBRANDT AND HIS ETCHINGS—AN  
ARTIST'S RECORD OF THE DIGNITY AND  
RARE BEAUTY WHICH HE FOUND IN  
ORDINARY LIFE: BY LOUIS A. HOLMAN



GOVERNOR WILLIAM BRADFORD records that when the little company of English exiles in Holland, later revered as the Pilgrim Fathers, removed to Leyden, it was "a fair & bewtiful citie, and of sweete situation" and famous for "ye universitie wherwith it is adorned." The fame of Leyden was to be further perpetuated, although Bradford knew it not, by one who had but just been born there when the English pilgrims came to the friendly university town, one who has added to the fame of his native place chiefly because he did not attend that university, which seemed so attractive to young Bradford. The father of this boy determined that he should have a collegiate education that he might sometime hold a town office, and fondly hoped that he was preparing him for it (in, perhaps, the very schools attended by the English children), when the lad made it clear to all men that he had no head for Latin and a very decided talent for drawing. So it came to pass that at the time Bradford and his friends set their faces toward America, and perforce turned their backs upon that "goodly & pleasante citie which had been ther resting place near twelve years," Rembrandt van Rijn, the youngest son of a miller of Leyden, turned his face, too, from the old toward the new; they sought liberty to live and worship according to the bright light in their hearts; he, too, took up a no less God-given task, impelled thereto by an irresistible force which, after half a century of unceasing labor, retained all its early vigor. They broke from the ways of their fathers and bore an important part in the development of the great American nation, he did a noble work in emancipating art from the thralldom of tradition and unreality, becoming the first of her great modern masters.

The twelve-years' truce between the humiliated Dons and the stocky Dutchmen was now nearing its end, and Bradford says, "There was nothing but beating of drumes, and preparing for warr." This was one of the reasons why the peaceable Pilgrims sought a new home beyond the sea. But Rembrandt, already absorbed in his art-studies, saw nothing, heard nothing of these preparations; his ears were deaf to





*These reproductions of Rembrandt's etchings are taken from the collection in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, through the courtesy of Mr. Emil H. Richter, Curator of the Department of Prints.*

REMBRANDT LEANING ON A  
STONE SILL—DATE 1639

Craftsman, V. II.



PORTRAIT OF JAN SIX—DATE 1647

## REMBRANDT, THE GREATEST ETCHER

the drum-beats, his eyes were seeing better things than the "pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war." There can be no question about his utter lack of interest in things military. When, at long intervals, he tried war-subjects, as most men sooner or later do try to do the thing they are least fitted for, he failed pitifully. He could create a masterpiece of a "Man in Armor," or a "Night Watch" (so-called), where the problems were purely artistic, and swords and flags were simply bits of fine color, but the painting or etching that breathed the actual spirit of war he could not produce. There is matter here for rejoicing. War and her heroes have had their full quota of the great artists to exalt their work. And now comes one who loved the paths of peace. With brush and etching-needle he made record for all time of the dignity and rare beauty which he found in the ordinary man. He turned doctors and frame-makers, housemaids and shop-keepers, yea even the very street-beggars, into royal personages, to be sought after by the great ones of the earth.

It was during the lifetime of Rembrandt (1606-1669) that much of the wonderful development of Holland took place. She had come to her greatness gradually, but by the middle of the seventeenth century she occupied a leading place among the independent nations of Europe. Great discoverers, like Henry Hudson, had given her new dominions east and west, and colonization had begun. On the sea her flag was supreme; her merchant marine, going to and from her own possessions was seen in every port of the world; her admirals, Ruyter and Tromp, had won her an illustrious place forever in the annals of naval warfare.

These were the days of Milton and Ben Jonson; of Cromwell, Gustavus Adolphus, and Richelieu; of Murillo, Rubens and Van Dyck—days when Holland had within her own borders such men as Barneveld, the great statesman; Grotius, the father of international law; Spinoza, the philosopher, and John de Witt, the Grand Pensioner—besides that noble group of artists, Hals, Cuyp, Ruysdael, Potter, Steen and Ostade. These days, too, saw the settling of many states in America, the founding of Quebec, New York, and Boston.

Strangely apart from all these history-making movements, and from his peers among men, dwelt Rembrandt, the great master, in Amsterdam, serenely happy to-day in painting a portrait of his loved Saskia, to-morrow in etching the features of a wandering

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Jew. He had given himself, body and soul, to his art, and no man or movement of men could distract him from his work. Year by year his busy brain and dexterous hand produced paintings, etchings, drawings, in slightly varying proportion, but always in amazing quantity. For his forty-one productive years we find to his credit the average annual output of thirteen paintings, nine etchings and twenty-four drawings.

A few decades ago the ordinary person thought of Rembrandt only as a great painter: that time has fortunately passed. Modern engraving methods have made it possible to spread broadcast reproductions of his etched work. Some of these are crude, such as those in Hamerton's "Etchings of Rembrandt"; others are surprisingly faithful to the originals: the best are those published and sold for a few marks by the German government.

Thanks to these mechanical engraving-processes some of Rembrandt's etchings are now familiarly known and, to a degree at least, they are appreciated. No reproduction, however, can ever give the subtle quality of the original, and a revelation comes to one who looks for the first time on a good impression of a first "state" (*i. e.*, edition). The ink is still brilliant; the Chinese or Japanese paper which Rembrandt generally used, has sometimes gone very yellow and spotted, but oftener it has the fine mellowness of age. We treat it with respect, almost with reverence, for we remember that this very sheet of paper was dampened and laid upon the etched plate, already prepared by the hands of the great etcher himself. Each impression he pulled was as carefully considered as the biting of the copper plate. He varied the strength of the ink, the method of wiping, the pressure used; knowing the possibilities of his plate, he so manipulated it that it responded to his touch as a piano responds to the touch of a musician. The poor impressions and very late states, of which, unfortunately, many exist, are generally the work of those mercenary ones into whose hands Rembrandt's plates fell after his death—sometimes even before. Like a man with no music in his soul attempting to improve upon a sonata by Beethoven, these people not only printed, haphazard, poor impressions having the master's name, but sometimes even undertook to rearrange the composition and rework the plate.

A hundred years before Rembrandt's time acid had been used to help out the graver. Dürer, among others, used it, and he employed



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also, but in hesitating manner, the dry-point with its accompanying burr. Rembrandt's method of utilizing the roughness thrown up on the copper by the dry-point needle was his own invention; no one else has ever equaled his use of it, even among his own pupils. It was much the same with everything else: the burin of the professional engraver he handled so skilfully that it is impossible to tell where the acid or the dry-point work stopped and the reinforcing work of the graver began. When others tried to combine these methods they failed. The hand of Rembrandt was the obedient servant of his master-mind: so well trained was it that usually no preliminary sketch was made, the needle producing at once on the smoked wax surface of the copper the picture which floated before him, doing it, too, so correctly that the brain was not diverted from the ideal picture by any crudity in the lines. If the tools, methods, and effects which the great engravers had used suggested anything to him, he freely took them up and bent them to his will. Making free use of all, binding himself to none, he always remained the versatile, independent student. And the strangest thing about it all is that he appears to have recognized, grappled with, and forever solved the problems of the art while nothing but a youth. One of the two plates which bear the earliest date (1628) and signature is entitled "Bust of an Old Woman, lightly etched." It is a delightful little plate, drawn with all the skill and freedom of a practiced hand. Frederick Wedmore, an English authority on etching says that "nothing in Rembrandt's work is more exhaustive or more subtle," and S. R. Koehler, an American authority, calls it "a magnificent little portrait, complete artistically and technically," and very truly refers to it as "a prefiguration of what was to come." A man of twenty-two years already a master-etcher!

This plate, undoubtedly a portrait of the artist's mother, measures not quite two and a half inches square. There are others about the size of a postage-stamp, while the largest one, "The Descent from the Cross," measures over twenty by sixteen inches. The amount of manual labor on these large plates is overpowering, while the workmanship in the smaller ones is almost unbelievably fine—think of a child's face not over one-eighth of an inch wide, and hands less than a sixteenth of an inch across, yet really eloquent with expression!

Rembrandt accepted the assistance of his pupils, as who among the old masters did not? He was, however, not practical enough to

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profit much by them: he could work to much better advantage alone. Among his thirty or forty pupils Frederick Bol, who came to his studio when only sixteen, and stayed for eight years, gave his master most assistance. Bol's rendering is at times very much like Rembrandt's. Some critics think, for instance, that he did most of the etching of the "Goldweigher" and "Abraham Caressing Isaac"; both, however, are signed by Rembrandt. When these pupils established studios of their own, they made free use of their old master's compositions, subjects and figures.

With Jan Lievens, his fellow student at Lastman's studio, with Van Vliet, Roddermondt and other engravers and etchers of the time, Rembrandt was on terms of great intimacy. They appear often to have worked on the same plate, and to have borrowed each other's ideas "without let or hindrance." Indeed, it is hard to comprehend the extent to which exchange of ideas was carried at that time. Here is a good illustration of the way things went without protest of any sort being raised. Hercules Seghers etched a large landscape with small figures, after a painting by Adam Elzheimer and an engraving by Count de Goudt, entitled "Tobias and the Angels." This copper plate came into Rembrandt's possession; he burnished out Tobias and his companion, and replaced them by Joseph and Mary with the Holy Child. To cover the erasure he added foliage, but the wing of the angel, the outlines of a leg and various other unused portions of Tobias can still be seen. Rembrandt's reason for doing this is incomprehensible, for, judging by the print familiar to the writer, the result is exceedingly commonplace and reflects no credit upon any one. John Burnet, the etcher-author, has drawn attention to the fact that the figure of Christ in "The Supper at Emmaus" (the large one) is taken from one by Raphael, who is known to have borrowed it from da Vinci, and it is thought da Vinci, in his turn, got it from a former master. Rembrandt copied also from Rubens, Titian, Mantegna, his pupil Gerard Dou, Van de Velde and others. Many of his contemporaries and successors extended toward him the same sort of flattery.

More than half the subjects of Rembrandt's etchings are portraits and studies of the human figure; about one-quarter are scriptural or religious. There are two dozen landscapes, and the remainder are allegorical and fancy compositions. The two great sources, then, of

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his inspiration are the men of his day and the men of the Bible. This Book appears to have been the only one he knew at all well, and of it he made excellent use. Despite the incongruities of his Biblical compositions, despite the broad Dutch features, the modern, gorgeous apparel and side-whiskers of the patriarchs, the pugilistic proportions of his angels, his etchings have a truth and vital force that there is no withstanding. Perhaps the very fact that he clothed his people in a fashion that he knew well made his pictures the more successful in reaching the hearts of men. In the all too realistic "Abraham's Sacrifice," in "Jacob Lamenting the Supposed Death of Joseph," in the naïve "Rest in Egypt" (of 1645), and many, many others, the story-telling quality is exceeding strong and the artistic work above criticism. When we look at "David Praying," we can not help feeling the penitence and sincerity of the man who kneels before us. The acme of Rembrandt's religious work was reached, however, in "Christ Healing the Sick" (etched about 1650), which is probably the finest piece of etched work that has ever been produced. It is a combination of pure etching and dry-point, and in the second state, there is an India-ink wash in the background. There are nine copies of the first state extant; the last one sold at public auction (Christie's, 1898) brought over \$8,500. The name, "Hundred Guilder Print," has attached itself to this etching from the doubtful tradition that Rembrandt exchanged one impression with a dealer for seven prints, together valued at one hundred guilders. While the Christ here is not so satisfying as the one in "Christ Preaching," which is remarkably strong and noble, it is Rembrandt's typical conception of his master—always ministering to real flesh and blood, the poor, suffering, common people. What a striking contrast with the resplendent artificiality which surrounds the Christ of the Italian masters, and how much nearer the truth!

Rembrandt was his own best model. He painted about sixty portraits of himself, and among his etchings we find about two score more. Some of them are large and finished, as the deservedly popular "Rembrandt Leaning on a Stone Sill," which is a perfect example of the possibilities of the etching-needle; others are mere thumb-nail sketches of expressions for which he posed. He used his mother many times, and also his wife and son. In all these is apparent a delightful sense of joy in his work. Nor is this desirable quality lacking in the wonderful

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series of large portraits of his friends: the doctors, the ministers and the tradesmen of Amsterdam. These alone would assure their author his place among the greatest of etchers. In the whole lot it would be hard to find one that some authority on etching or some great artist has not held up as an example of work that even the master himself has never surpassed. Personally I am sorry to find the "Abraham Francen" accepted without question as his work. It has always seemed to me uncertain in composition and execution, entirely unworthy of the hand of Rembrandt. To say that it was done in 1656, the year of the artist's bankruptcy, might seem to account for the inferior quality of this portrait, were it not that the noble "Jan Lutma," which competes with the "Jan Six" for the place of masterpiece of the entire series, was made the same year. But he was an unaccountable sort of man who could produce in a poor, naked studio, with untold trouble on all sides, such an etching as the "Lutma," such a painting as the "Syndics of the Draper's Guild," both of which rank with the best products of his happy, care-free years of luxury.

It is noticeable that Rembrandt had no sittings from persons of high rank. So far as I can find "Burgomaster" is the most exalted title that can be prefixed to any of his patrons. The reason is not far to seek. Rembrandt was no courtier, like Van Dyck and Rubens; he was too independent and too busy to spend time kow-towing to society. A contemporary says of him, "When he painted he would not have given audience to the greatest monarch on earth." He calmly set at naught established principles and conventional rules, in etiquette as well as in art, and followed the bent of his genius with absolute disregard for the opinion of his fellows. The story of "The Night Watch" explains the whole situation. The members of Captain Banning Cocq's Company of the Civic Guards were flattered by the offer of Rembrandt, then at the height of his fame, to paint their portraits. The sixteen members destined to figure in the picture gladly subscribed one hundred florins each, and great were their expectations, and great their disappointment when the picture was placed on view. All but a half-dozen felt that they had a distinct grievance against the painter. Had they not paid for portraits of themselves? And they got—what? Here a face in deep shadow, here one half-hid by the one in front, here one so freely drawn as to be unrecognizable. The artist had made a picture, to be sure—but their portraits! Where were





THREE BEGGARS AT THE DOOR  
OF A HOUSE—DATE 1648



LANDSCAPE WITH RUINED  
TOWER—ETCHED ABOUT 1649



VIEW OF OMVAL, NEAR  
AMSTERDAM—DATED 1645



BUST OF OLD WOMAN  
DATED 1628



REMBRANDT WITH MOUSTACHE AND  
SMALL BEARD—ETCHED ABOUT 1634



OLD WOMAN SLEEPING  
ETCHED ABOUT 1635



THE MOUNTERBANK  
ETCHED ABOUT 1635



"THE HUNDRED-GUILDER PRINT"  
CHRIST HEALING THE SICK—DATE 1649



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their portraits—the portraits they had paid for? Rembrandt had thought out every inch of his picture: he was sure it could not be bettered, and change it he would not. The resentment was bitter and deep, and the Civic Guards in future bestowed their favors elsewhere.

There were, however, a few fellow citizens who recognized his genius and sincerity, and they stood by him. Samuel Manasseh ben Israel, whom Cromwell honored, was his neighbor on the Breedstraat, and an intimate friend. Then there were Jan Sylvius and Cornelis Anslo, the Protestant ministers; Jan Asselyn and Clement de Jonghe, who were artists; Bonus and Linden, the physicians; Lutma, the goldsmith, and young Jan Six, "Lover of Science, Art and Virtue." These and a few others are known and honored to-day chiefly because they were Rembrandt's friends. His recognition of their faithfulness to him was shown in a much more permanent form than they knew. Good impressions of his etched portraits of these men are still to be seen. They are, like all his etchings, rapidly increasing in value. A "Jan Six" sold recently for \$3,400; an "Ephraim Bonus" for \$9,475. To possess one of these prints of an ancestor is little short of a patent of nobility. The Six family of Amsterdam happily have not only Rembrandt's oil-portraits of the Sixes of his day, but also good impressions of the etching of "The Burgomaster," and even the plate itself—that famous dry-point plate, which the artist worked on for weeks, and which his critics have worked over ever since. Some of these good people hold that even Rembrandt should not have attempted such complete tonality in an etching, that Jan Six urged him to it, and that, in short, as an etching, it comes near to the failure line. Other critics believe that the artist's idea was to show the utmost extent to which the art could be carried, and that in so doing he produced a masterpiece. Middleton, for instance, thinks that "it is not possible to conceive a more beautiful and more perfect triumph of the etcher's art." Few, it is safe to say, can see a good impression of an early state of this portrait without being struck by its great originality and beauty. Upon closer study, I feel, a fair-minded person will inevitably fall under the spell of those wonderfully drawn face and hands, those deep, yet transparent shadows, and that soft, tender light which envelopes the whole.

Although Rembrandt had a few such cultivated friends as those mentioned above, it was said of him by a contemporary German

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painter that "his art suffered by his predilection for the society of the vulgar." It certainly would have been more profitable for Rembrandt if he had always portrayed people of position and wealth, but that his art suffered because he many times used beggars for models, it would be hard to show. An interesting series of tramps, peddlers and outcasts began with the beginning of his career as an etcher, and ended twenty years later with the production of one of his most popular plates, "Three Beggars at the Door of a House," a very freely handled, splendidly composed etching, in which surprisingly few lines judiciously placed have all the effect of double their number. A little plate which measures but three by one and a quarter inches, entitled "The Mountebank," strikes me as the masterpiece of this series. Although Van de Velde is supposed to have given Rembrandt the idea for this drawing, his genius has made it his own in realism and movement, and in its beauties of line, color and texture. "An Old Woman Sleeping," although scarcely to be included in this series, is another that has wonderful spontaneity. This is no posed model, but one who has actually fallen asleep over her book. Rembrandt sees her, and before her "forty winks" are over, she is immortalized, and probably she never knew it.

When Rembrandt, about 1640, began landscape-etching, his work at once took front rank. His etched landscapes, only about two dozen in number, are free and simple in composition and treatment; they show even greater force and more suggestive power than those of his brush. In "The Landscape with a Ruined Tower" the tower became ruined only in the third state. A first-state print at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts shows the tower in good preservation. One of these prints sold at Christie's not long ago for over \$1,000. Another of his exceedingly satisfactory landscape-etchings is "A View of Omval, near Amsterdam." Its creator seemed fond of the fine old tree in this plate, for it is used several times elsewhere. "The Six's Bridge," which is almost pure outline, and the "Three Trees," with its great sweep of flat country, have a right to all the praise showered upon them, for they, too, are masterpieces.

While Rembrandt's genius made itself manifest in his landscapes, it surely is absent from most of his animal-drawings. We must remember that he never went outside Holland, and that the opportunities for studying any great variety of animals inside the little Republic

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were not numerous. His horses, asses, hogs, etc., improve as the years advance. The little dog with the collar of bells surely must have been a member of the family, he appears so often.

It is an interesting fact, at a time when the illustrating of books and magazines is such an important art, to know that Rembrandt was offered and accepted some commissions to make illustrations for books. These attempts to give form to another's ideas were not successful—in one case it was such a failure as to leave it still uncertain what he intended to illustrate. Vosmaer, his great biographer, believes that this print, "Adverse Fortune," pictures incidents in the life of St. Paul, while Michel, his latest biographer, thinks that it illustrates events which gather about Mark Anthony and the battle of Actium!

A score of men—Bartsch, Wilson, Blanc, Middleton, Rovinski, to mention a few—have at sundry times and in divers places compiled annotated catalogues of Rembrandt's etchings. They, and other students like Charles Vosmaer, Seymour Haden, Phillip Gilbert Hamerton and Emile Michel, have spent years of time and travel in connection with their books on Rembrandt. All lovers of etching respect their sincerity and are forever grateful. Nevertheless, it is amusing sometimes to compare the expert testimony of these men. About 1633 somebody etched a "Good Samaritan." Several of these experts regretfully, but frankly, admit that Rembrandt is the guilty one. Others are sure that a pupil did the worst of the work; Haden says it is entirely the work of another hand; while yet another declares that of all Rembrandt's etchings this particular "Good Samaritan" is his favorite. Middleton, to give another instance, thinks that the thick lines from top to bottom, in the fourth state of the "Three Crosses" are not Rembrandt's work, for they serve "to obliterate, conceal and mar every excellence it had possessed." Haden considers, however, that the time of darkness is represented, and that this particular state is far the finest in effect. Much confusion arises from the fact that sometimes all the states of a plate under discussion are not known to each critic. The whole matter of states is a confusing one. The old idea was that Rembrandt produced various states in order to make more money. But it seems plain now that when Rembrandt changed a plate it was for much better reasons than the making of a few guilders. We know, for instance, that the "Jan Six" plate was changed twice to make needed corrections, and that the second state

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of the first portrait of his mother simply carries out the original design. On the other hand, it obviously could not have been Rembrandt who made the third state of the "Jan Lutma," with its hard-ruled lines and great unnecessary window.

If in the days of hardship, when his son, Titus, is said to have tried to sell his etchings from door to door, if then he could have foreseen the noble army of admirers who three centuries later should outbid each other at auctions, and make war in print over his experimental plates, his failures and his trial-proofs—now often exalted into "states"—would not the very irony of the thing have brought him certain satisfaction and relaxation?

Rembrandt has said of himself that he would submit to the laws of Nature alone, and as he interpreted these to suit himself, he can not be said to have painted, or etched, or done anything according to recognized or well-grounded laws. With him it was instinct, pure and simple, from youth to old age. He had no secret process of etching, but he had an amazing genius for it.

In 1669 Rembrandt van Rijn, an old man, lonely and forgotten, died and was buried in the Westerkirk, Amsterdam.

To-day we know that though taste has changed and changed again, appreciation for Rembrandt has slowly but surely grown, until now he stands among the immortals, the foremost painter of his day, the greatest etcher that has yet appeared.





## FROM EXILE

CALL to me, call to me, fields of poppied wheat!  
Purple thistles by the road call me to return!  
Now a thousand shriller throats echo down the street,  
And I can not hear the wind camping in the fern.

Little leaves beside the trail, dance your way to town,  
Till you find your brother here who remembers yet;  
For though a river runs between and the bridge is down,  
I've a heart that's roaming and a soul that won't forget.

A sun squats on the house-tops, but his face is hard and dry;  
A rain walks up and down the streets, but her voice is harsh—  
Sunlight is a different thing where the swallows fly,  
And rain-tongues sing with sweeter voice when they're on the marsh.

Once a thousand bending blades stooped to let me pass,  
When I sped barefooted through your crowding lines—  
Whisper to me gently in the language of the grass,  
How I watched the crows of night nest among the pines.

Still the golden pollen smokes, silver runs the rain,  
Still the timid mists creep out when the sun lies down—  
Oh, I am weary waiting to return to you again,  
So take a pale, familiar face out beyond the town.

—Lloyd Roberts.

## EDWARD CARPENTER, THE PHILOSOPHER: HIS GOSPEL OF FRIENDSHIP AND SIMPLICITY: BY JOHN SPARGO



ALT WHITMAN said of Edward Carpenter, the English prophet-poet of democracy: "Carpenter is a man of means on whom his estate sits lightly; is intensely interested in the radical problems; is of a religious nature—not formally so, but in atmosphere." To this brief but luminous description of his friend and disciple, Whitman added this prophecy: "He will yet cut a figure in his own country. He is now just about climbing the hill; when he gets up to the top people will see and acknowledge him."

In the eighteen years which have elapsed since its utterance, Whitman's prophecy has been abundantly fulfilled. While none of his works has ever been noted among the "best sellers of the month," or even in the lists of books most in demand at the public libraries, a numerous and ever-growing body of earnest and thoughtful readers scattered throughout the English-speaking world look to Edward Carpenter for intellectual and moral leadership. Just as a certain type of the young men of England a generation ago looked to Carlyle and Ruskin for inspiration, their successors to-day look to Edward Carpenter. Among the members of the new Labor Party in the British House of Commons, for example, and their colleagues in the various local governing bodies, men who have risen to the needs of their class for leadership, the older members, almost without exception, were inspired in varying degree by Mazzini, Carlyle and Ruskin. The younger men seem to have followed the leadership of Whitman and Carpenter in like manner. Glorious names are these of the great apostles of modern democracy, and it is perhaps a rash thing to say that one name, like Ben Adhem's, leads all the rest. It is truer perhaps that

"All service is the same with God—  
With God, whose puppets, best and worst,  
Are we: there is no last nor first."

Nevertheless, there are, it seems to me, certain qualities in Carpenter's work and leadership which will give him that preeminence in



EDWARD CARPENTER AT THE AGE OF SIXTY-ONE



COTTAGE WHERE EDWARD CARPENTER  
LIVES AS FARMER AND SHOEMAKER

THE "HUT" IN WHICH "TOWARDS  
DEMOCRACY" WAS WRITTEN

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the illustrious band in the roll-call of ultimate history. To a religious fervor as intense as Mazzini's he unites a practical, every-day philosophy of common sense; not less passionate than Carlyle, he is more confident of the future; lacking none of Ruskin's eloquence, he is simpler, saner and better poised; not less simple or daring than Whitman, he is more definite and coherent. So, at least, I weigh the influences of the five great leaders in my own life. And there is no better test than personal experience, inadequate though it may be.

**T**HERE is little of either tragedy or romance, as these are commonly conceived, in the life-story of Edward Carpenter. Outwardly at least his life has been very simple and singularly free from sensational experiences. Born, in 1844, at Brighton, to wealth and luxury, he was educated at Cambridge, winning distinction as a mathematician and becoming a Fellow of his college. Destined for an ecclesiastical career, in 1868 he "took Holy Orders," as the stupid and vain ecclesiastical phrase goes, and the following year became a curate under the famous Christian Socialist leader, Frederick Denison Maurice. Those who are familiar with the history of the movement which Maurice, Kingsley and Ludlow founded and inspired will not accuse me of traversing the bounds of legitimate literary study if I suggest that Maurice's influence was probably an important factor in the evolution of his young curate, inspiring him with a hatred of the shams and cold formalisms of the Church, its aloofness from the actual life of the people, and the absence of a strong, inspiring spiritual note from its gospel of other-world rewards and punishments. Though none of his many interpreters seems to have done so, I have always felt that the inspiration of Maurice had not a little to do with Carpenter's decision to leave the ministry of the Church.

However that may be—and it is perhaps not very important—an unquestionably greater influence was Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," with which he became acquainted in 1868. By actual experience in its service, he found the life of the Church dull, barren and effete. He went back to Cambridge and lectured there for five years, until the atmosphere became unbearable, as that of the Church had proved to him. He felt that he "must leave or be suffocated."

There is a letter of his to Whitman, written in 1874, in the last days of his Cambridge residence, which I would like to quote entire,



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but it is too long. In it he rails against British respectability: "Money eats into it, to the core. The Church is effete. At school the sin which can not be forgiven is a false quantity. The men are blindly material; even—to the most intellectual—art and the desire for something like religion are only known as an emotional sense of pain." All very pessimistic and dolorous this, but there is a note of faith and cheer: "Yet the women will save us. I wish I could tell you what is being done by them—everywhere—in private and in public. The artisans, too, are shaping themselves. While society is capering and grimacing over their heads, they are slowly coming to know their minds; and exactly as they come to know their minds they come to the sense of power to fulfil them; and sweet will the day be when the toys are wrested from the hands of children and they, too, *have* to become men."

He goes on in this letter to speak of the relief of being able "to turn from the languid inanity of the well-fed to the clean, hard lines of the workman's face," and, by way of illustration, adds: "Yesterday there came (to mend my door) a young workman with the old divine light in his eyes—even *I* call it old, though I am not thirty—and perhaps, more than all, he has made me write to you." Then follows a confession of faith by the reverent disciple to his Master, and this personal note: "As to myself, I was in order; but I have given that up—utterly. It was no good. Nor does the University do; there is nothing vital in it. Now I am going away to lecture to workingmen and women in the North. They at least desire to lay hold of something with a real grasp. And I can give something of mathematics and science. It may be of no use, but I shall see."

**T**HIS letter foreshadows the writer's greatest work, and contains the germ of much of his teaching. There is the conviction, already strong, of the sterility of society life; the enthusiastic and reverent recognition of woman's spiritual force, and, above all, admiration for the fundamental wholesomeness and honesty of the simple lives of those who earn their own living. Carpenter has not prated glibly of the "dignity of toil," after the fashion of the modern *dilettante*, while ignoring the stern facts of its tragedy and brutalization. Perhaps no living writer has more faithfully and courageously depicted this aspect of the workers' lives, or more vehemently denounced it. He has insisted upon the wrongfulness of

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idle lives and the wholesomeness and dignity of the simple, self-sustaining life of labor. This picture of a stoker recalls the one of the carpenter in the Whitman letter:

"Was this, then, the sum of life?

"A grinning gibbering organisation of negations—a polite trap and circle of endlessly complaisant faces bowing you back from all reality!

"Was it that men should give all their precious time and energy to the plaiting of silken thongs and fetters innumerable—

"To bind themselves prisoners—to condemn themselves to pick oakum of the strands of real life forever?

"Was it mere delusion and bottomless nightmare? really at last the much talked-of and speculated-about existence in two dimensions only?

\* \* \* \* \*

"Well, as it happened just then—and as we stopped at a small wayside station—my eyes from their swoon-sleep opening encountered the grimy and oil-besmeared figure of a stoker.

"Close at my elbow on the foot-plate of his engine he was standing, devouring bread and cheese.

"And the firelight fell on him brightly as for a moment his eyes rested on mine.

\* \* \* \* \*

"That was all. But it was enough.

"The youthful face, yet so experienced and calm, was enough; the quiet look, the straight untroubled unseeking eyes, resting upon me—giving me without any ado the thing I needed.

"(Indeed because they sought nothing and made no claim for themselves, therefore it was that they gave me all.)

\* \* \* \* \*

"It is not a little thing, you—wherever you are—following the plough, or clinging with your feet to the wet rigging, or nursing your babe through the long day when your husband is absent, or preparing supper for his return—or you on the foot-plate of your engine—

"Who stand meditating there against Necessity, wringing favors and a little respite for your fellows, translating the laws for them, making a channel for the forces—

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"In whom through faithful use, through long patient exercise the channels have become clean—

"(Clean and free the channels of your soul—though your body be smirched and oily—)

"It is not a little thing that by such a life your face should become as a lantern of strength to men; that wherever you go they should rise up stronger to the battle, and go forth with good courage.

"Nay, it is very great." (*Towards Democracy*, pp. 140-143.)

THE lecturing to workingmen and women of which the letter to Whitman speaks so dubiously, refers to the University Extension movement, with which Carpenter occupied himself for the next seven years, lecturing in all the great industrial centers upon scientific subjects and music. It is somewhat strange that no mention is made of the latter, for music has always been a source of great delight to him, as may be gathered from the essays in *Angels' Wings*, in which he shows his devotion to and understanding of Beethoven. He edited *Chants of Labour* for the Socialist movement, and one of the sweetest and most inspiring pieces in the collection is the song "England Arisen," written and composed by himself. There are few Socialist gatherings in England at which this beautiful hymn is not heard. Grieg, perhaps the greatest living composer, and, with the exception of Wagner, the most democratic since Beethoven, is one of his intimate friends and a warm admirer of his work.

During his connection with the University Extension movement Carpenter found time, in 1877, to visit Walt Whitman at his home. The impressions of this and a later visit, made in 1884, are contained in two papers now published in his recent volume, "Days with Walt Whitman," which are remarkable for their insight into Whitman's life and character. A friend who attended many of Carpenter's University Extension lectures, says of them: "They were the typical polished, eloquent and lucid lectures of our English university men with a strong ethical flavor, a prophetic note of future greatness as an ethical leader." Judged by ordinary standards, as a lecturer, Carpenter was successful enough, but he was not satisfied. "It may be of no use," he had written to Whitman in 1874, and after seven years' trial, years fraught with vital mental and spiritual development, he resigned his post to enter upon the great work of his life.

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WITH his strong disgust for the parasitic life of the well-to-do classes, and his equally strong admiration for wholesomeness and simplicity of living, it is easy to understand the reasons which led Carpenter at this juncture to seek the simple environment of a laborer's home while he devoted himself to his great, long-pondering task. Sharing a humble laborer's cottage, he built himself a wooden hut in the garden, and in this hut or in the fields and woods, in all sorts of weather, his greatest work—*Towards Democracy*—was written, the first edition appearing in 1888. The spirit in which this great book was written may best be judged from Carpenter's word concerning it: "I wanted to write some sort of book which should address itself very closely to any one who cared to read it—establish, so to speak, an intimate personal relation between myself and the reader; and during successive years I made several attempts to realize the idea. . . . None of my attempts satisfied me, however, and after a time I began to think the quest was an unreasonable one."

*Towards Democracy* is written mainly in the free-verse form of Whitman, with occasional rhymed lyrical poems of great beauty and strength. Strangely enough, Carpenter finds that when he writes indoors his poems shape themselves naturally in the latter form, the simpler Whitmanesque form coming as naturally out of doors. Personally, while glorying as fully as the most ardent Whitmanite in the free rhymeless and rhythmless chants, I have always regretted that the poet should allow himself so rarely to adopt the softer, sweeter medium. Naturally, *Towards Democracy* invites comparison with its great prototype, *Leaves of Grass*. By many it has been criticized as a weak imitation of Whitman's work, even such a friendly critic as J. Addington Symonds making an invidious comparison of the two books in this spirit.

It is, perhaps, not a vital matter, this question of originality. Yet, it seems to me, they must wholly fail to understand Carpenter, who regard him as an echo, more or less feeble, of Whitman. Granted that there is perhaps not a line in *Towards Democracy* which Whitman would not heartily indorse; that Carpenter accepts every word of Whitman's message; granted, too, that Whitman's book served him as a model and made the fulfilment of his great dream possible, there yet remains enough of individuality in Carpenter's work to establish his claim to attention as an original thinker. A very great difference

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marks the two works, the difference between the simple naïveté of the child and the clear vision of the scholar and man of the world. In Whitman's work we have the incoherences and contradictions of the child who blurts forth with delightful freedom every transient thought and impression. In Carpenter's work, on the other hand, we have the clear, logical thought of a trained thinker, a man of science whose thoughts group themselves naturally and habitually into system and ordered progression. Lovers of the American poet may and do quarrel about his sympathies and beliefs. I have heard two speakers at a Whitman Fellowship meeting, both of whom knew the poet well, engage in a lively controversy, one claiming that Whitman was a radical Socialist; while the other, with equal assurance, claimed that he was essentially a conservative. "What have I to do with institutions? I am neither for nor against institutions," cries Whitman in one mood, while in another he declares himself to be the builder of "the institution of the dear love of comrades." With Carpenter no such difficulty arises. Trained teacher and scientist, his thought is direct, ordered and concentrated. No one can mistake his position: he is a Socialist of an all-too-rare type, sane, practical and spiritual.

IN THE same year in which his great work appeared in its first form—for in the half-dozen editions which have appeared it has been greatly extended, being, like *Leaves of Grass*, a growth—Carpenter acquired a piece of land, about seven acres, upon which he built a small house. Here, with a couple of workmen friends, he set about market-gardening. He enjoys manual labor, particularly farm-work, caring for horses, carting stones and manure, using shovel and pickaxe, hoe and scythe, just like any ordinary laborer. In 1886, moved by his yearning for greater simplicity in dress, he began to make sandals for himself and friends from a pattern-pair received from India, and this industry has grown into a considerable business, being now carried on by his friend, Mr. Adams, of Holmesfield, near Sheffield. Part of each year is still spent here to be in closer touch with the workers in the city. Writing, lecturing occasionally, and working regularly, he exemplifies in his life the simplicity he advocates in his writings. A tall, somewhat slightly built man, with grayish hair and beard, ruddy and bright-eyed, he is an altogether pleasing personality. The strong element of simple humor which characterizes



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his work is evidenced by a merry twinkle of the eye and a subtle smile.

Carpenter's Socialism is, as already intimated, characterized by a sanity and spiritual sweetness that is uncommon. There is nothing half-hearted or namby-pamby about it, nothing of compromise or uncertainty. Perhaps without having read Marx, his views concerning the evolution of society are quite Marxian. Something akin to the "materialistic conception of history," as it is called, is fundamental to his philosophy of history as outlined in *Civilization: Its Cause and Cure*, a collection of prose-essays on philosophical and scientific subjects, published in 1889. When the modern Socialist movement took root in England, pioneered by such men as Mr. H. M. Hyndman, Mr. Herbert Burrows, and others, Carpenter naturally identified himself with it. I recall that *Justice*, the organ of the Social Democratic Federation, and the oldest Socialist paper in the English-speaking world, was started with his money in 1884. For years Carpenter lectured to small crowds in dingy halls and upon street corners in the cities of the North of England, and in 1886 identified himself with the Sheffield Socialist Society—a branch of William Morris's famous Socialist League—and the establishment of a coffee-shop, a sort of cheap restaurant, as a center of propaganda. I remember hearing a discussion between two Socialist workmen in Glasgow some years ago in which one asked the other, "What is Carpenter's position?" and the other replied, with rare perception, "Oh, just brotherly love, clean water and no fuss!"

THE books already named do not by any means represent the total product of Carpenter's literary labors. Omitting fugitive articles and pamphlets, the following is, I believe, a fairly complete bibliography of his published writings up to the present: *Towards Democracy*, in four parts, 1883-1902; *England's Ideal*, a series of essays on social subjects, 1887; *Civilization: Its Cause and Cure*, a collection of scientific and philosophical papers, 1889; *From Adam's Peak to Elephanta*, a book dealing with his travels in India and Ceylon in 1890-1891 and published in 1892; *Angels' Wings*, a volume of essays on art and music in their relation to life; *Love's Coming of Age*, a profound and singularly sweet study of the sex problem, with a privately printed pamphlet, supplementary to it, entitled *Homogenic Love*; *The Story of Eros and Psyche*, with a translation

## CARPENTER'S GOSPEL OF FRIENDSHIP

of the first book of Homer's "Iliad"; *Ioläus; An Anthology of Friendship*, being a collection of stories, legends, folk-lore, poetry and philosophy upon the subject of friendship gathered from the literatures of all lands and ages; *Prisons, Police and Punishment*, a study of the causes of crime and the treatment of criminals, published in 1905; *An Unknown People*, a pamphlet on intermediate types of men and women; *The Art of Creation*, an attempt to explain the creative process in the light of modern thought in terms of a reconciliation of science and religion, 1905; finally, this year he has given us *Days with Walt Whitman*, an illuminating study of our great American poet. These works, together with the collection of Socialist songs already mentioned, and many articles and pamphlets of minor importance, constitute a remarkable literary achievement.

With such a formidable list of writings, dealing with subjects of tremendous importance, it is not easy to summarize their contents in the brief compass of a single paper.

"**D**EMOCRACY," in the sense in which Carpenter uses the term, is synonymous with brotherhood and unity, and so defined, the title of his great work is an affirmation of belief in the ultimate realization of the ideal community of sympathy and interest which has been the quest of uncounted ages. Our so-called "civilization" does not appeal to him. Its complexity, its bustle and strife, its hideous social contrasts, are to him symptoms of disease. He would greatly prefer the simple communism of the barbaric age, before the idea of property divided mankind into classes of masters and slaves, to the present system, but for the fact that he regards the present as a temporary stage in social development to a higher communism. The present social system, or no-system, is "a kind of disease which the various races of mankind have to pass through, as children pass through measles or whooping-cough." Carpenter's description of civilization, a long catalogue of evils, seems very pessimistic at first, but when it is understood that he regards it as a stage in the development of society from the crude, instinctive communism of barbarism to a conscious communism upon an infinitely higher plane, that "out of the muck and litter of a decaying world" a new, resplendent life rises in the poet's vision, it is seen that Carpenter is essentially an optimist, a dweller in the sunlight of eternal faith.

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The ownership of property becoming a mania has poisoned the springs of life and brought with it servitude, hate and warfare. The complexity of life resulting from the crushing burden of things owned or craved for, which are not essential to wholesome living, enslaves men to their possessions and destroys their capacity for what Browning calls "the wild joys of living." It follows, therefore, that the remedy for this disease of civilization, the way to attain unity and brotherhood, that wholeness of the body social which he would have us seek, is simplicity of living and abundant friendship. A world of simple, wholesome pleasure, radiant with comradeship, is the social idea which Carpenter believes in with intense faith.

For society and for the individual, then, the simplification of life becomes a matter of vital significance. Simplicity in food—Carpenter himself is a vegetarian—dress, manners, homes and their surroundings are essential to intellectual and bodily strength, to anything like a general spirit of comradeship, and, not less important, clean and wholesome sex-relationship. His message might be expressed in terms of exhortation somewhat as follows: "Simplify your lives that you may be sound and strong in mind and body. Simplify your lives that you may obtain peace! Simplify your lives that you may be pure! Simplify your lives that your mothers and sisters may be redeemed from drudgery to become your comrades! Simplify your lives that you may be free and that you may know at last the joy of right living!" Such, in brief, is the sane, wholesome and intensely practical gospel which Carpenter believes and to the propagation of which he has consecrated his splendid culture and genius.

**N**O SKETCH of the life and work of this great thinker and seer, however brief, can satisfy his friends if it fails to mention his attitude toward contemporary science. As already noted, he is a man of science himself, qualified to teach science in one of the greatest universities of the world. His attitude toward contemporary science is that of a confirmed skeptic, and there is hardly a theory of modern science which he completely accepts. A believer in evolution, he is a disciple of Lamarck rather than of Darwin. He does not, can not, believe that the evolution of man has been dominated by accidental characteristics possessed by his non-human ancestors. Rather he believes it to have been due to the unfolding of higher forms latent

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within. He adopts Whitman's term, "exfoliation," to describe this view of evolution that "there is a force at work throughout creation, ever urging each type onward into new and newer forms." This force is desire. Carpenter carries the idea of the biologists that "function precedes organization" onward and supplements it by adding that "desire precedes function." Inward change, or desire, comes first, action follows and necessitates organization.

This theory of exfoliation applies equally to society. In a fine prose-poem, "After Long Ages," he sets forth his philosophy of history. He pictures man, individual and social man, in the long, slow process of development:

"Toilsome and long is the journey; shell after shell, envelope after envelope, he discards,  
Over the mountains, over the frowning barriers, undaunted, unwrapping all that detains him—  
All, all conventions left aside, all limitations passed, all shackles dropped—the husks and sheaths of ages falling off—  
At length the wanderer returns to heaven."

Thus, Carpenter the Socialist holds substantially the same relation to the Socialist philosophy of Marx as Carpenter the scientist holds to the scientific theory of Darwin. Back of the great economic forces which make social and political revolutions necessary, he sees desire, prevision, dim but ever-growing consciousness. Great economic forces may make the perfect social state possible and inevitable, and he believes they will, but only because men *feel* its need. This feeling, desire, consciousness—call it what you will—is the vital fact of human progress.

After what has been said in the foregoing pages, it is not perhaps necessary for me to warn the reader against regarding this rough outline as the whole of Carpenter's teaching. All that I have aimed to do is to reveal something of the great thinker's personality, and to indicate the salient features of his sweet, sane gospel of friendship and simplicity, in the hope that some souls drifting upon the seas of social unrest and unfaith may find inspiration in the life of the man and safe anchorage in his teaching.

## THE ARTISTS' COLONY IN MACDOUGAL ALLEY, WHERE SOME OF OUR BEST-KNOWN AMERICAN PAINTERS AND SCULPTORS LIVE AND WORK: BY P. T. FARNSWORTH



**I**F YOU leave Washington Square by way of Macdougall Street, going in the direction of Eighth Street, you will come to Macdougall Alley. It is a little blind alley, leading east from Macdougall Street, and was once the place where the equipages and horses of Washington Square were stabled. That was a good many years ago, and the smart Irish coachmen who came dashing in and out of the place took great pride in the name. Later on it began to decline. Many of the aristocratic households of the Square moved further up-town, and their carriages went with them. The stables that were once so neat and clean assumed a rusty air. They became filled with commercial vehicles first, and then, still declining, were occupied by Italian peddlers and their wagons. These people lived in their stables, and a legend of the Alley at this period tells of one hostelry in which fifteen horses were stabled on the first floor, while twelve men bunked above. Then the thugs and gamblers came, and Macdougall Alley looked out with truculent stare at the passer-by. Fights and cutting-scrapes were numerous; after nightfall the stranger who entered the place did it at his own peril. Macdougall's Alley had become a byword and a reproach in the neighborhood.

One day, when things were at their worst, Frederick E. Triebel passed by. He had just returned from Italy, where he had been used to big, sunny studios on the first floor, and he was dissatisfied with the typical New York studio on the top floor of some tall building. It had occurred to him that if he could find some old stable in the heart of the city he might make an ideal studio out of it. Two weeks had already been spent in a fruitless search for a location, and he had gone over the ground street by street. Wherever the place had seemed suitable the price had been prohibitive for a sculptor's purse.

He stopped and looked critically at the tumble-down stables in Macdougall Alley. A low-browed Italian was standing near, eyeing the stranger with suspicion, when Triebel addressed him in the vernacular. Surprised and delighted at hearing his native tongue, the



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man answered volubly. Yes, there were vacant stables for rent. Would the Signor like to see them? They were good stables, but the owner wanted much money for them—and he mentioned the amount. It was less than the cost of any good studio, and the visitor examined them carefully.

**T**HAT inspection marked an era in the life of Macdougall Alley. Alterations were made in the stable which Triebel leased, and he moved in with his family. Most people, perhaps, would have been unwilling to settle in such a colony, but the sculptor knew the Italian character. They took a pride in the gentleman who had come among them, and his influence was good for the Alley. Other artists, too, came to the Alley, and, seeing the advantages of ground-floor studios, rented and remodeled the old stables as fast as they became vacant.

Many persons who have visited the place in recent years have compared it to the Quartier Latin in Paris and other foreign artist colonies, but there is nothing more typically American than Macdougall Alley. Fully half of the artists have brought their families with them, to live near their studios, and the close bond of sympathy between them makes the home-life particularly attractive. In the summer-time the doors of the studios are thrown open, and the artists' wives take their chairs out on the clean, cemented court, while the children play in perfect safety around them. Only one or two of the better class of stables are still used for horses; and the drivers who bring their carriages in and out would sooner smash the vehicles than hurt any of the little ones. There is a very clannish spirit in the Alley; and the children are of the royalty. And while the Alley actually rubs elbows with aristocratic Washington Square, its people do not plume themselves on that account. If the visitor be imbued with a genuine love of art-work, he is received with the same cordial interest, whether he be a millionaire seeking to enrich his collection, or a Bohemian without a penny in his pockets. There can be no better American spirit than this.

During the first few years of the change, Macdougall Alley felt doubtful about its name. "Macdougall Alley" seemed all right enough for a place where horses and wagons were kept, but when it came to studios, that was different. Many suggestions were made—



MACDOUGAL ALLEY IN EARLY SPRING—  
THE DEMING CHILDREN HAVING TEA



THE OLD CARETAKER OF THE ALLEY  
MODELED BY J. E. FRASER



HENRIETTA DEMING, THE PET  
OF THE ALLEY—BY J. E. FRASER



PART OF THE STATUE OF "SCULPTURE"  
MODELED IN THE ALLEY BY DANIEL C. FRENCH

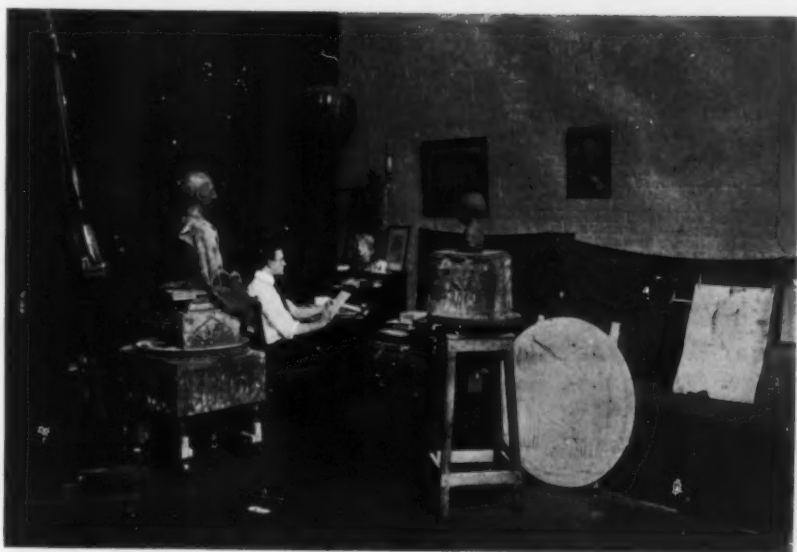




"INSPIRATION"—DONE IN THE ALLEY FOR THE  
ST. LOUIS FINE ARTS BUILDING—BY ANDREW O'CONNER



STUDIO OF ANDREW O'CONNER  
STUDIO OF PHILIP MARTIGNY



STUDIO OF E. W. DEMING

STUDIO OF J. E. FRASER



STUDIO OF F. E. TRIEBEL

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Donatello Court, Burr Court and Clinton Court being the ones most favored—and a strong effort was made to get the city to adopt one of them. But there were many Irish in the ward, and they resented the idea: if Macdougall Alley had been able to survive being filled to the brim with "dagoes," it certainly deserved any good fortune that might come its way; and on this line the battle was fought—and won—in the city council. Then artistic sentiment in Macdougall Alley, taking second thought, saw that the name was good, and to-day is really proud of it.

FROM what has been said of the pleasant family gatherings in the cemented court, it must not be imagined that the Alley is a place of idleness. Important work is being carried on all the time in the studios. In Philip Martingy's, which is the largest, there is always a force of assistants working under the direction of the sculptor, and enlarging from his models in clay. Mr. Martingy has the commission for the sculptural groups on the new Hall of Records in New York city, and one of his recent works is the McKinley Memorial, which was unveiled last October in Springfield, Mass. Plaster casts of arms and legs are scattered about on the lower floor of the studio; and the visitor who has acquired his ideas of studios from fiction will find these conceptions somewhat shattered. The rich hangings, and chiseled busts on marble pedestals, which he has pictured to himself, quickly vanish before the necessity of picking his way between the closely packed barrels of plaster to the rough, plaster-covered steps that lead to Mr. Martingy's real working-room on the second floor. Here the artist is at work modeling in clay, while through a large opening three or four assistants can be seen at work on a titanic figure. Plaster, plaster everywhere, and clay! There is nothing of the beautiful here, except in the work itself; the impression one gathers is of serious, earnest effort, without frills.

Edwin Willard Deming's studio, which adjoins Mr. Martingy's, is more in accord with the typical conception of an artist's work-room, and yet it will be found as unique as the sculptor's. While living among the Indians in the far West, Mr. Deming picked up many valuable souvenirs. Indian bead-work, moccasins, blankets, buffalo-robos, elk- and moose-heads adorn his walls, and are scattered in profusion about the room. On easels and the walls, too, are many of his



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paintings, all of Indian subjects, which are his life-work. His studio is his family living-room, and with Henrietta, the baby, playing on a rug on the floor, her two older sisters near, and Mrs. Deming sewing or reading, the artist stands at his easel and paints. All are interested in the work, and criticize as it progresses; even little Henrietta, who is just beginning to talk, has her own views and shows her preferences. Besides his easel-work Mr. Deming also models in clay, and his wild-animal figures are particularly interesting. Those who know say that there is a distinct difference between a wild animal in his native haunts and the same creature in captivity—that the change of surroundings, with the loss of liberty, changes also the characteristics. In his life in the far West, Mr. Deming hunted and studied many wild animals, and every one he has modeled is a character-portrayal. One is of a little bear, which is holding a conch-shell to its ear and listening, as a child might, to the mysterious murmur from within. The lean, lithe appearance of his mountain-lions is very different from the heavy look noticeable in most of these animals in the zoölogical gardens.

**T**HERE is only one thing greater than to be engaged in work which one loves, and that is to be conscious of a steadily increasing mastery of it. With each thing done comes the sense of growing power, and work itself is a constant pleasure. Perhaps this is one reason why J. E. Fraser, although busy on important commissions, finds time for other work from the pure love of it. Among things he has done in odd hours are the bust of the Deming baby Henrietta and one of an old man who peddles coal in the Alley. These two busts represent the extremes of life—infancy and old age—and each is typical. In the way of the ideal, Mr. Fraser has modeled a faun or satyr for a fountain that is unique. The woodland deity stands on a rock drinking from a large shell, from which the water drips, and, in falling, strikes against his bare legs. The attitude of the figure, apparently shrinking from the contact of the cold drops, is exceedingly life-like. The studio of this sculptor shows more clearly than most that its original purpose was for a stable, but it is large and well lighted, and its simple appointments prove at a glance that it is the room of a worker. Drawings in charcoal from life are pinned to the walls, and on working-stands, set conveniently about, are partly completed medallions, busts and full-length figures. The visitor is

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always cordially welcomed, and may enter unless a model is posing; but the amount of work actually in progress usually impresses him forcibly with the value of the artist's time.

In the studio of Mr. Triebel the colossal figure of "Grief," which he modeled for a burial-lot, stands in one corner, and prominently placed is his marble statue of a Neapolitan fisher-boy, entitled "The First Catch." This shows a boy about ten years old holding his first fish, which he has just caught. In some indefinable way the visitor gathers the impression that this little marble figure means more to the sculptor than a mere example of his art. Perhaps this is because Mr. Triebel lost a little boy of about that age, and the sculptured figure seems to have some connection with that loss.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hawthorne have had a studio for some time in the Alley; but they are going abroad for a while, and their studio has been leased to a "broker." This is looked upon by some friends of the Alley as an invasion of the Goths and Vandals that may lead finally to a flight of the artists; but it is hoped that the newcomer may prove a "Good Indian," inspired to move in by his love of art and art-surroundings.

All the artists have photographs taken of their work, and most of this, in the Alley, is done by DeWitt Clinton Ward, who makes his down-town headquarters in the studio of Mr. Deming. It is a distinct art to photograph paintings and sculpture successfully, and Mr. Ward's field covers the greater part of artistic New York. He has studied so many paintings, and his judgment of value is so good, that many of his photographs are works of art in themselves.

Just around the corner from the Alley, on Macdougall Street, is an Italian restaurant where many of the artists take their meals. It is in the house once occupied by Aaron Burr, and traces of its former dignity are still visible in the decorations of the interior and in the quiet state of the old-fashioned Doric columns at the doorway. All around Macdougall Alley are the studios of artists; but the Alley itself is the heart and center of the colony.

## THE POWER OF THE RING: BY MARION WINTHROP

"Only he who the might of love hath forsworn,  
Who the desire of love hath slain,  
Hath power to shape the ring from the gold."  
*Das Rheingold.*



HE words repeated themselves in Loring's memory as he walked away from the opera-house, mingling with the fateful motive that complemented them

*"Nur wer der Minne Macht versagt—"*

It was a long time since he had gone to the opera. He used to go sometimes with Alice. They had sat in the unaristocratic heights of the upper gallery in those days, conscious only of each other and the music, conscious of each other through the music. The haunting phase of renunciation rising above the rhythmic flow of the Rhine waters repeated itself in his mind's ear as he walked along. He had avoided music these last few years.

*"Nur wer der Liebe Lust verjagt—"*

He knew what that meant—to tear out the desire of love, to stifle it, trample upon it. It was what he had done—and to what end? To gain . . . fame . . . the power of the ring. Yes, for that he had crushed the warm, living thing out of his heart and blood, fought it down in the hours of work and in the silence of the night, pressed it into his written words, imprisoned it between the pages of his books. Well, he had succeeded; his books were not only known on two continents, known even in translation, but it was said of them that they were books holding that mysterious power to reach the heart. Yes, he had written his heart—or was it hers? both of their hearts—into his books, and so had won what power over other hearts the writer of books may have. "Of writing many books there is no end—" Who could rashly say of this or that book of to-day that it would live? Yet he had forsworn love, which is life itself, for this hope of immortality—a poor, pale, earthly, immortality.

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And Alice—what had the renunciation brought to her?—the renunciation that she had accepted in silence after that one interview and those two wild letters—Alice, who had no art to write or paint or sing her heart into?

WELL, it could not have been otherwise; they were both so poor. To leave himself time and spirit for production he could not have spent himself on hack-work, pot-boilers. His manuscripts were coming back to him in every mail in those days. He would not lower his ideals and write to please the public, his artistic conscience demanded that he should write the best he knew. And Alice had a mother to support and a young brother to keep in school and feed and clothe. She had accepted it seemingly, when he had told her. . . . But *could* it not have been different? He remembered the face of a young literary acquaintance he had met the day before who had married under circumstances no less hampering. "Poor as Job's turkey and happy as a lark," Marston had said. Well—the boy had handicapped himself. He had promised brilliantly and now he would probably go under—deteriorate into the literary hack from the mere hard necessity to meet his responsibilities. The power of the ring might never be his, but, on the other hand—a vision of Marston's home came suddenly before Loring's eyes—not Marston's wife, but Alice, waiting for him. His heart thumped against his side. He frowned and shook his head . . . but still he saw her—fragile, tender, welcoming . . . her faint smile, the shadowy hair over her deep eyes—that wonderful vibrant look in her eyes! He passed his hand impatiently over his own to shut it out, but he still saw it. . . . Alice with her children about her. Like a clutch at his heart-strings came a memory of Alice as she looked with a child in her arms. . . . God was cruel to deprive a woman who loved children like that of her right. But was it God who was cruel?

That night he had met her—he could bring it back as vividly as all that had come after, that delicate first impression—so individual, yet so elusively impersonal, a personality like a flower. The very sound of her voice he had felt to be an expression of her—quiet, yet with an undertone of possibilities.

Gradually, very gradually, he had broken down her reserve—a reserve that seemed to exist only for him, for with other men he saw

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her frank and spontaneous; it was as if even in the days of her indifference she had instinctively resisted him. Sometimes he had felt that he made no progress. He had brought all the force of his personal charm and his will to bear upon her—and he had succeeded. Even when he was a boy they had said of him, "Ken always gets what he wants." He had not thought ahead of how it would end. There had been but one necessity in the world for him then—that Alice should love him. And how she had loved him! The memory of it, relentlessly beaten down all these years, rushed back and overpowered him. He grew dizzy with the consciousness of it, it was like the warm presence of her. Suddenly, with that mysterious trick of the mind that brings a past experience into the consciousness like a reality, he could actually feel her light body in his arms. . . .

**W**HAT a variety she had of mood—never of whim! She had never used the love of other men to hurt him—it had hurt him enough, Heaven knew, but it was not her fault. He remembered the look in her eyes when in some mad moment he had lost his head and accused her. In his heart he knew that if he felt unsure of her sometimes it was from some elusive quality in herself that was of the very essence of her, for there had been no reservation in her love. It was not that she had lacked pride, her surrender had been so absolute that it had gone beyond any such question. Infinitely forgiving she had been. She had never reproached him, even at the last. . . . Perhaps she would forgive him—now. His heart leapt and stood still.

He had caught a glimpse of her the other day on her own doorstep—only the second time, strangely enough, that he had seen her since their parting. She was saying good-bye to Tilney. Tilney had been in love with her for years, people were saying that she was going to marry him. Loring had caught her eye in passing. She had bowed with a formal smile. There had been no embarrassment, no consciousness in the glance. Of course she had forgotten long since, and loved some one else. It was difficult to conceive of Alice as not loving. It was what she was made for, her reason for existence. It was in the sound of her voice, the touch of her hands—his memories caught him by the throat. In a flash the insecure secondary world of art that he had builded himself was swept away in the flood: Alice, love, life itself reclaimed him.



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It was not late, for the opera had been short. He continued to walk on, not consciously making a decision, yet knowing that he was going to her. He knew that she still lived in the same place in her apartment in an old-fashioned house in an old-fashioned part of the town. Alice had not written popular novels. She had been compelled to work for the immediate necessity—to live and to keep her family alive. Things had remained the same for her. So much he knew from others. How natural it seemed to be going up Alice's doorstep, to ring Alice's bell!

Although she had been so vividly in his mind it was with a shock that he found himself in her actual presence, found her sitting in the same place beside the grate-fire—Alice always had a grate-fire; it was the one luxury that she did not deny herself—saw her rise to greet him.

At the light touch of her hand the memory of other and different meetings rose up in his heart and stifled him. She spoke quietly, "How do you do, Ken," in the old way. He answered inarticulately. He sat down in his old seat opposite her, looking at her and about the familiar room as she talked. His eyes wandered over her pictures and belongings; there was the Hermes on top of her book-shelves and the Mona Lisa above it, her favorite Botticelli madonna in the same place over her writing-desk and the foolish little green hat-inkstand he had brought her from Germany that summer he had worked his passage over on the cattle-ship.

**Y**OU have hung the *Sainte Anne* in a different place," he said suddenly.

She glanced from the picture to the space it had formerly occupied on the wall. "Yes, Harold brought me that other Leonardo print from Paris last summer, and it had to have the strong light. It is interesting, don't you think? I haven't seen it yet in the shops here."

"Harold has been abroad, then?"

"Yes, last summer. He is getting on so well. He is going to be an architect, you know. He is with Harvey & Whitcomb. It's an unusually good opening for a boy of his age."

"You haven't been abroad, yet—"

"Not yet." She smiled.

"I hope Harold appreciates his sister—"

## THE POWER OF THE RING

Her glance rested upon him a fleeting second, and he flushed faintly. She finished the glance with, "Oh, yes, Harold is a dear boy, a good brother." Then she went on to speak of Harold and his work. He stared at her forgetfully. She was much the same: a little thinner, a little older, with the same shadowy hair, the same troubling eyes. She was not dressed for the evening, she had been working probably. Alice often had to work evenings. She had on a wash shirt-waist as he often remembered her. It rested lightly upon her slenderness. There was ever such an impression of lightness about the whole of her. No woman he had ever seen had so exquisite a suggestion of the feminine, in spite of her daily contact with the rude world of affairs, in spite of the fact that she seemed often so unfemininely oblivious to the effect of externals—just as she sat now in her morning-clothes under the crude glare of the gas-jet that revealed relentlessly the worn lines in her face. Yes, Alice's charm was a thing that the years could not touch, yet not because it was a thing immaterial, for it was rather a very spiritualization of the material, the poetic essence of the sensuous. It breathed from her every movement and gesture and trick of eyelids. She had that which is greater than beauty—the suggestion of beauty, a suggestion mysteriously, thrillingly fulfilled under love's influence. With her, it had seemed to him, love was an inspiration, a touch of genius. She was a woman for poet and artist to love. No wonder he had loved her! Was it after all from the revelation of her innermost feeling that he had divined those mysteries of life and love that men felt in his books?

**H**E SPOKE suddenly: "It has been such a long time, Alice!" She looked up. He had interrupted her in the midst of an anecdote. Then she looked down. He had always loved the lines of her eyelids when she looked down.

"Yes, it has been a long time," she said.

"I have missed you so—I have wanted you so cruelly. I don't know how I have endured it."

She did not answer.

"You do not say anything, Alice—"

She smiled with a little restrained indrawing of the breath—a trick he remembered of those latter days when he had been gradually withdrawing himself from the need of her. "What is there for me to say?"

## THE POWER OF THE RING

"So you have not missed me—"

She looked at him then, and he flushed and dropped his eyes.

"But you understood at the time. You knew that it was not because I did not care."

"Yes, I understood. I knew it was because you did not care—enough."

"Enough! Oh, Alice could one care more?"

Again that fleeting smile that came instead of words when she was hurt or misunderstood.

Some one else had proved it to her! A sudden savage jealousy gripped him. No other man should have her. She was his by every right of love's sweetness and bitterness. "You don't understand—it is not possible to care any more. I have never loved any woman as I love you. You are in my life, my work, my blood, the very breath I draw—" She turned her face away quickly. Ah, that line of the throat and cheek. It struck him with the pang of remembrance. It was the aloof movement of the shy wood-creature he had so often likened her to in the days before he had tamed her.

"Alice—"

She rose and stood by the mantel, one hand resting upon it and looked away from him into the fire. He rose and stood beside her. "No man could love more." His voice shook.

She made a little sound like a laugh, yet not a laugh. "No man, perhaps —"

He seized her hand and he heard her catch her breath. "Alice, Alice—you have not forgotten—you care still. . . . Answer me, Alice."

She shrank back with that action of fearing him. It thrilled him as it had in the past. Then he saw her looking at him curiously.

"You can ask me that —"

His hold on her hand loosened. "It is true: I have no right." His glance fell.

A CHANGE passed over her eyes as they rested upon him and she made a little movement of her hand, unseen by him, in his direction. "No, you have no right, Ken," she said sadly.

He lifted his head. "I have one right—however selfish I may have seemed—however unworthy I am—the cruel, aching, unceasing need

## THE POWER OF THE RING

of you all these years. It tears at my heart. It is burning me up. Everything in me cries out to you. . . . Alice, Alice, I must have you, I *must*. I love you so, I love you so!"

She leaned against the mantel, for she had begun to tremble uncontrollably. But although she did not draw back as he came nearer, something in her very atmosphere restrained him as he would have taken her. When she lifted her head her eyes met his fully, sadly, but there was no agitation in them as he had imagined.

"Ah," he cried, "you do not love me! Yet how could I have expected it!"

She turned from him again and looked into the fire. "Oh, yes, I love you."

He started, "Alice!" Yet a perception of something in her tone tinged his cry of joy with doubt. "Then you can forgive me?"

She smiled faintly. "If there was any question of forgiving—I have forgiven long ago."

He caught her hand. It lay unresponsive in his. "And I have not entirely killed your love—I have not killed it after all! Ah, my sweet, I was so afraid I had lost you!"

She drew her hand away gently. "You have not killed my love—but there is something else you have killed."

"Something else —"

"My faith in you—the joy of it—oh, my dear, how could you do it?" There was no passion in her voice—only the quietness of an infinite regret.

He caught her hand again. "But I can win it back—if you will only let me—if you will only let me teach you to believe in me once more—to be happy —"

Her eyes came back to his. She looked in them and slowly shook her head. "If you only could, dear!"

"Alice, Alice," he repeated her name like a drowning man, "I can, I will. You must let me try —"

She shook her head again and sighed—a light sigh, yet so deep. "Impossible. . . . Don't make it so hard, Ken."

"It can't be impossible—if you really love me, . . . if you really love me."

She repeated it slowly with a little sigh that should have broken his heart, "If I really love you —"

## THE POWER OF THE RING

"Alice—you are sending me away from you, I can't bear it."

"I have borne it."

"Don't make me suffer any more—even if I deserve it."

"**A**H, MY dear, my dear—" a break that was the saddest little laugh in the world went into her words, "I don't want to make you suffer; I would do anything in the world to save you suffering, except this one thing. It is just impossible—can't you see? You put me aside once for your ambition and I accepted it and after a time was content for your sake. I was so glad when you succeeded. No one could have been more glad than I—you must believe that, dear. But you didn't need me enough to put other things aside as I would have put everything aside—as I did put everything aside, except mother and Harold, for you. You made me believe that I was the greatest necessity to you and I wasn't. It was all right: you chose the thing that was essential to you. I can see how, now that you have your success, you are lonely sometimes and you want me. You imagine that I understand you better—possibly would bore you less—than other women, and so you want me. But I couldn't do it, Ken, it would violate something in me—can't you see? It isn't that you have destroyed my ideal—I think I have always loved you with my eyes open—but it was the way you did it—nothing mattered to you beside your ambition. Everything that we had been to each other was nothing. You did not hesitate one minute after you had decided—"

"Oh, Alice, you can't know. I had thought and thought till I was nearly mad with it, but it seemed the only thing to do. You don't know what it cost me."

What it had cost him! She looked at him and thought, but said nothing. Then she turned from him and spoke, looking into the glowing coals.

"I couldn't ever trust you as a woman must trust the man she marries. One must have that anchor, at least. Without it, marriage would be a terrible thing, a desecration."

"You don't love me enough to give me the chance! Oh, dearest, *dearest*, I ask it because I am so sure that I can win back your belief in me. I am different now. Years and suffering make one different, one learns what the real things are. I can see clearly now and I can see that you are the one real thing in life for me. We can be happy



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together yet, dear—Ah, . . . you won't? You don't love me enough."

"I don't love you enough."

She looked at him steadily, lingeringly, then put out both hands and laid one on each side of his face. With all its included memory of past caresses her light touch thrilled him. He saw the slow tears rise in her eyes. "Do you think it is that, dear?"

He felt his heart quiver and grow still. He bent his head and kissed her hand. She lifted his head and looked again in his eyes: "Do you think it is that?"

"No," he whispered, "I know it is not. Forgive me, Alice. It is right. I am not worthy." And then he saw how he had hurt her because she could not contradict him. An overwhelming sense of desolation swept over him as he started to turn away from her. It broke from him like a cry:

"How can I ever live without you."

"Have you not lived very well without me—all these years?"

He shook his head.

"You have your work."

He made a gesture of rejection. His eyes clung to her. "I want you."

She bent her forehead down upon her hand against the mantel. A terrifying sense of weakness was overtaking her.

"I shall be so lonely."

A fit of trembling seized her. "Don't—you had better go now, Ken."

**B**UT he did not obey her. His eye wandering about the familiar room fell upon a book lying on the table. A flame of jealousy shot through him. "It is Tilney," he said. She shook her head. "Some one else—"

"Do you need to ask?"

The flame went out and left him in ashes. He put out his hand.

"You will remember me sometimes?"

She hid her face in her hands. "Please go, Ken."

"I can come again."

"No—no. You mustn't come any more."

## THE POWER OF THE RING

"Alice," he drew her hands down from her face and held them in his, "will you promise me something? If I am ever dying and send for you, you will come?"

"Yes, yes, of course. . . . But you mustn't say things like that."

He laughed bitterly. "It sounds like bathos?" She shook her head. "What difference can it make to you whether I am in the world or out of it when you will not even see me."

"It is different."

"You will be mine, then, in death if not in life, because—"

"Because I love you."

She laid her hand on his chest with a gentle pressure that put him from her.

"Because you can't trust me." He drew her suddenly closer. "You will let me kiss you once more—just once—"

"No, no—". She drew back sharply. But he bent and pressed a long kiss on her hair, then one on each hand. "Oh, to have you like this in my arms again—Alice. . . . Alice!"

She pushed him from her in sudden terror, "Go, Ken, please—you must."

A moment longer he held her.

"Good-bye, then—my dearest."

She heard his footsteps down the hall. She lifted her head and listened, holding her breath for the last sound of the outer door. There . . . he was gone. She sank back, relaxed, suddenly faint. Then she started up and across the hall, but against the closed door she stopped, pressing against it with her hands, shaking, trembling.

"Oh, Ken, Ken!" she cried. But her voice was a whisper.

## NEW YORK IN THE MAKING—FIVE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS TO BE SPENT IN RECONSTRUCTING THE CITY: BY WILLIAM GRIFFITH

After a momentary silence spake  
One city of a more ungainly make,  
“They sneer at me for my disfigurement:  
“What! did the hand then of the builder shake?”



ANTICIPATING, by a generation or more, such a critical possibility as the foregoing, New York, crass, crude and obviously colossal, is now drawing the teeth of impending criticism by paving the way to become a beautiful city: and it will be an extraordinary place when it is finished—when it is!

Since its Knickerbocker age, the city at the mouth of the Hudson, which boasts of itself as being not only Great but Greater New York, has been in process of construction. Born one story tall, it has added line upon boundary-line, story upon story, until to-day, from its Matterhorns of masonry it fairly looks down upon the architectural world, and has nearly attained the limits of *construction*. Now the hour of *reconstruction* is at hand.

Reconstruction! The word has a wealth of meaning, of mighty travail. Elsewhere are places on earth where the maxim of tearing down being easier than upbuilding is honored in the observance. In our original metropolis, judging by the celerity with which thirty-storied buildings are tossed skyward and two-storied subways or tunnels are driven underground, by the magic growth of whole areas almost in a night, the obverse rule would seem to apply: it is harder and perhaps costlier to erase than it is to rear—in New York.

This is one reason why the reconstruction of the city has been postponed from time to time, or, to be exact, until this year of architectural quasi grace 1906. Beetling structures have multiplied with the ant-like rapidity of crowds. For a decade the annual increase in high-roofed and higher-renting hotels and department stores alone has been numbered by the hundred. Already the entire core and center of Manhattan Island is punctuated with them—buildings that have been springing up here, there and everywhere, with complete disregard of

## NEW YORK IN THE MAKING

sites and sightliness, at an average outlay of a hundred and fifty millions a year; and this is not to house or even office a population steadily increasing at the rate of a quarter of a million per annum, but because the available area has been so limited that owners have found themselves compelled to improve their rent-rearing properties to the topmost notch.

**H**OWEVER, and fortunately, there is a special providence which governs the rise of a city, and Greater New York, according to Architects Whitney Warren and Richard Walker, who originated the plans which are practically certain of mayoral and aldermanic approval, is not badly based either from an artistic or an architectural view-point. It might be worse, in that it possesses the essential elements which, if properly treated and adequately developed, will make it the most beautiful as well as the greatest city of architectural record within the next twenty-five years. All that is necessary, say they, is to adopt and execute a broader policy in providing new connections and in making alterations here and there to remedy defects which have come about through the haphazard manner in which the metropolis has until recently expanded.

This is an executive no less than a golden age, and the present municipal government of our chief city is the executor of a dazzling inheritance. New York is crude ore, thickly veined with gold possibilities. To mine, crush, mint and mold the given product is the great mission which Mayor McClellan and his adjutants have undertaken. Plans have been made for many important improvements already: some of the projects have gone far enough to warrant final success, and others are on the eve of adoption and immediate execution, or the beginning thereof. Vast schemes, architectural and sculptural, are now being pondered by the municipal authorities, artists and others, which, when fully ripened, will transform an already majestic metropolis into one of rare beauty. The really greater city that is growing from the plans, as adopted or now being considered, looms faintly out of the mists of the future. That it will be a massive thing, structurally, goes without saying. That it will be a city of broader avenues, greener and greater parks, better and bigger bridges, taller towers and cooler catacombs is the boon promise or prophesy of those who have the work in hand. Plans accepted and plans that are now cer-

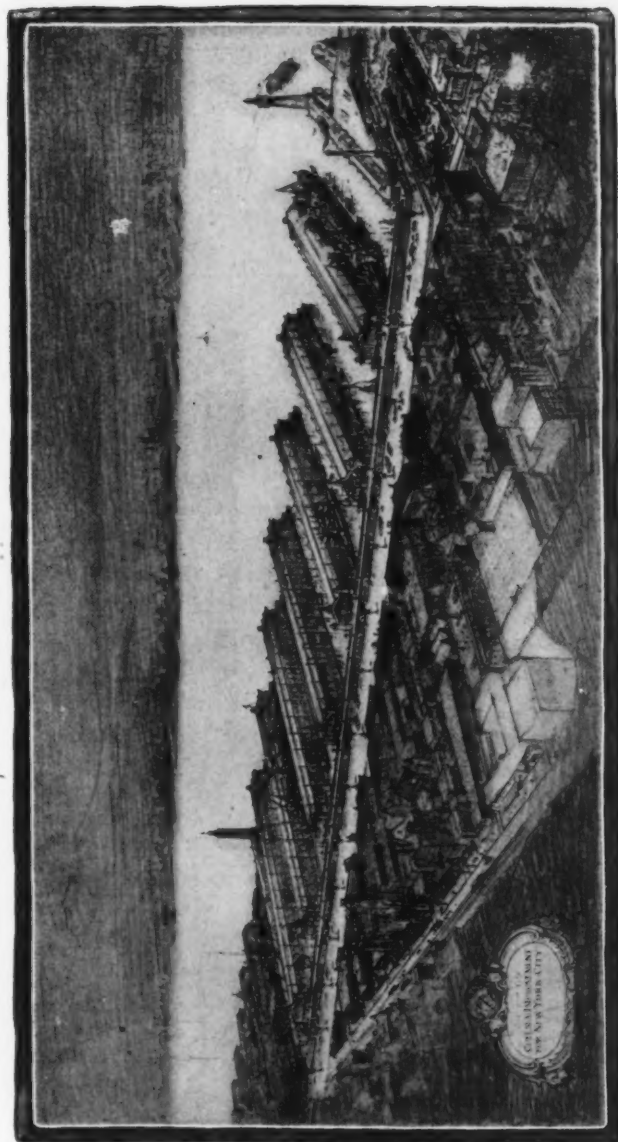
## NEW YORK IN THE MAKING

tain of acceptance provide for an expenditure of quite five hundred million dollars within the next few years, and the result of these projects will be twenty beauty-spots where there is now one. They will embrace monuments, sculptural and arboreal, intended, not for a decade or a century, but for a civic lifetime.

**B**Y FAR the greatest improvements will be brought about by the completion of spacious avenues of egress and ingress under and above ground and water. In the mighty heart-throbs of the metropolis millions of human beings will be drawn from the suburban regions each morning, to be sent pulsing back again in the evening through the greatly improved and increased arteries that shall radiate from Manhattan within the next twenty years. And decorative beauty will, it is promised, keep pace at every corner with grosser utility.

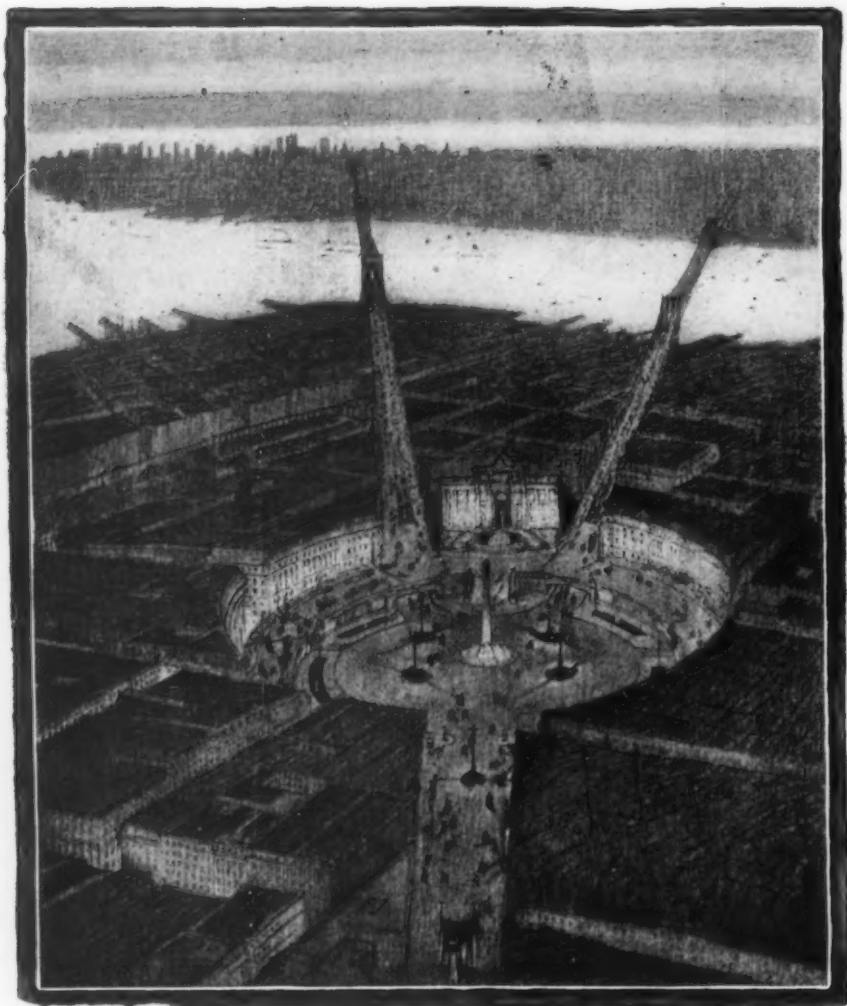
Primarily, the first point of attack in the work of demolition, en route to reconstruction, will be Fifty-ninth Street between Fifth Avenue and the East River. It is in this vicinity that the New York City Improvement Commission, created three years ago to prepare a comprehensive plan for raising New York from a comparative to a superlative architectural degree, has been more extravagant than anywhere else. According to the programme, the city purposes to acquire all of the realty between Fifty-ninth and Sixtieth Streets and between Fifth and Second Avenues, the territory thus acquired to be transformed into a spacious plaza or approach to the new Blackwell's Island Bridge. As an earnest of what is to be, the city has already acquired the square block between Second and Third Avenues, both of which are now blurred with elevated railroads, and Fifty-ninth and Sixtieth Streets. The commission is a unit in contending that the proper method of developing outlying boroughs is to provide attractive entrances to and from Manhattan and the various suburbs. At present east Fifty-ninth Street is not only an eyesore but a menace to life and property, as it is, surface-cars at the junction with Madison Avenue (which also applies to Forty-second Street at the same longitude), follow each other so continuously that it takes an acrobat to cross the street. Such, indeed, is the uproar of trains, cars, honking motors, clanging ambulances and demon draymen, combined with the semi-occasional storm of fire-engines, that it is quite futile to be merely acro-





Drawn by Birch B. Long

PROPOSED CHELSEA IMPROVEMENT, SHOWING ELEVATED  
ROADWAY AND DIGNIFIED STEAMSHIP TERMINAL



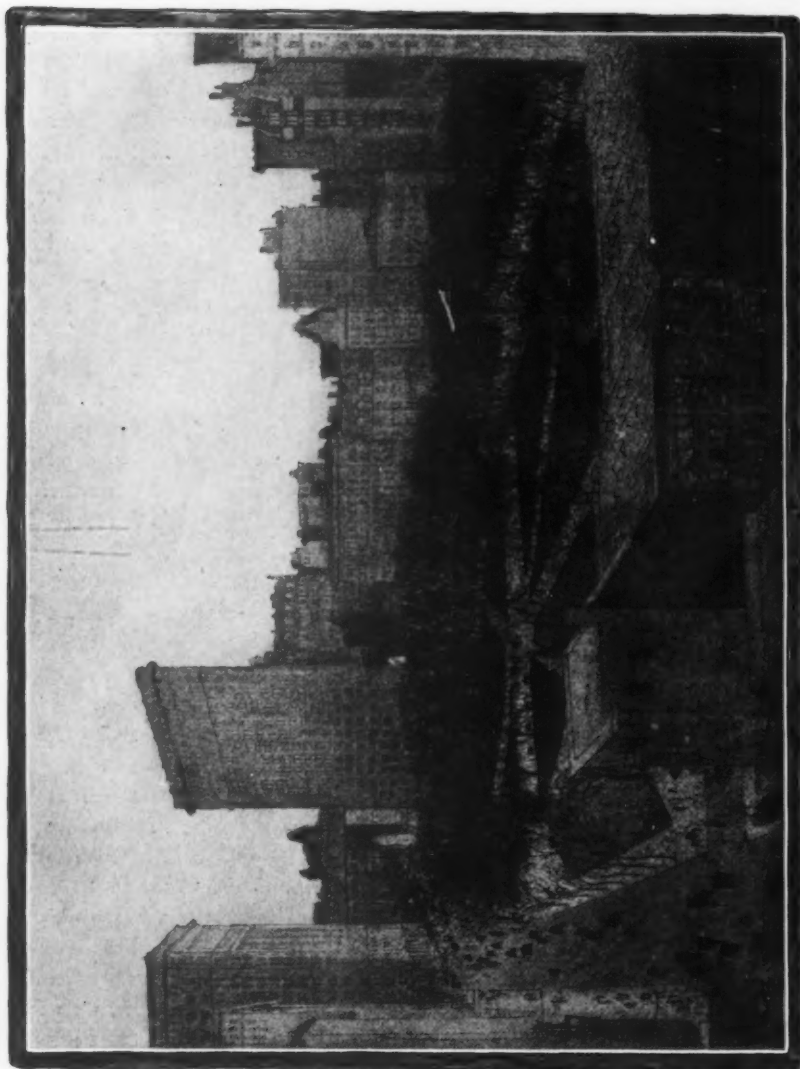
*Drawn by Birch B. Lang*

COMMON PLAZA FOR THE APPROACHES TO THE EAST RIVER AND  
MANHATTAN BRIDGES IN THE BOROUGH OF BROOKLYN



Drawn by Eric S. List

WIDENING OF 181ST STREET LOOKING  
WEST FROM WASHINGTON BRIDGE



CONTINUATION OF MADISON AVENUE  
FROM 23D STREET TO BROADWAY

*Drawn by Birch B. Lee*

## NEW YORK IN THE MAKING

batic—one must have courage, intrepidity, strategy and a deal of enthusiasm to negotiate a passage. In short, Fifty-ninth Street has been condemned by the commission as a very unholy place, full of structural vices and architectural sins. Its days are numbered.

USING the Sherman Monument, which cleaves Fifth Avenue, as an axis, a plaza three hundred and twenty feet wide will sweep majestically from the southeast corner of Central Park to the new bridge. This plaza will boast three drives—two outer ones for carriages and the middle one for heavier traffic; and a quartette of sidewalks, two on a side. The corners will be suitably upholstered in stone copings and balustrades and the plaza will be fringed generously with trees. Monumental columns will be erected at effective intervals. Plans are also drawn by the terms of which diagonal streets will radiate from Second Avenue and the plaza to Fifty-seventh and Sixty-second Streets respectively, for the greater accommodation of heavier traffic. Of course, the creation of this plaza will involve the demolition or removal of the Netherland Hotel and one or two other imposing structures, besides scores of lesser ones. To offset the exceeding expense thus entailed, it is strongly recommended that the city also condemn the properties immediately overlooking and benefited by the plaza. Their increased valuation, it is believed, will go far toward recompensing the city for its primary outlay. This scheme of excess condemnation has been successfully inaugurated by several European cities, and, in more than one instance, has fully reimbursed the city for the cost of a new square or thoroughfare.

Fifty-ninth Street, however, is only one item on the programme which comprehends a system of parks and drives as yet only threading a needle of dream. Beginning on the north at the new Hendrick Hudson Bridge spanning the Harlem River, there will ere long be a chain of parks and parkways extending not only down to Fifty-ninth Street, but across the Blackwell's Island Bridge and far toward the heart of Long Island. Thus it will be possible for one to drive nearly fifty miles straight ahead through a practically continuous boulevard bordered with foliage and relieved further by miles and miles of park.

Thus, Dyckman Street, from Nagle Avenue to Broadway, will be a monumental avenue linking Highbridge Park with the Speedway Extension. Skirting Fort Washington Park and traversing the



## NEW YORK IN THE MAKING

new Boulevard Lafayette one may pass through the Hundred and Eighty-first Street Parkway, connecting the North River waterfront with new parks in the Bronx via Washington Bridge and the Grand Boulevard and Concourse. Washington Bridge, one of the finest structures in the city, will thus be included in the park system, extending from Fort Washington Park on the north to Pelham Bay Park near Long Island Sound.

**I**N ADDITION, Riverside Park will be stretched far to the north of its present northern terminus and will afford the finest and longest strictly river-side driveway in existence.

It also is now virtually assured that the civic authorities will uphold the ambitious architects in their plan to construct a stadium between Macomb's Road, Boscobal and Aqueduct Avenues, to be approached by a wide, tree-lined driveway over Washington Bridge. Still another fringe of park, now in definite prospect, will extend from One Hundred and Thirtieth to One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Streets, between St. Nicholas and Bradhurst Avenues.

New York now has a water-frontage of nearly five hundred miles, forty-four miles of which represent Manhattan Island. Of this forty-four miles, three-fourths are available for commercial purposes, the remainder for park purposes. The two principal problems to be mastered are the unsightly appearance from the water and the traffic congestion on the land side. On the North River side, where congestion is becoming more and more noticeable, and where the tides of traffic are abnormally swollen, an overhead elevated street is planned along the water-front. This will accommodate the north and south travel, leaving the side streets, piercing the city from river to river, for the east and west travel. Approaches from this elevated street to the recreation-piers are projected, with stairs for pedestrians and inclined planes for horses and vehicles at convenient junctions. This is shown, by way of illustration, in the accompanying drawing of the Chelsea improvements on the North River between Twelfth and Twenty-third Streets. The aerial promenade will readily lend itself to decoration. Cases of shrubbery, palms and potted plants will star the promenade at regular distances, and the northern water-fronts, instead of being a center of congestion, din and confusion, will have both artistic and utilitarian merit, as has the transformed water-front at Antwerp.

## NEW YORK IN THE MAKING

Another improvement which combines beauty and greater utility is foreshadowed in the plan to remove the east wall of Central Park between Fifty-ninth and One Hundred and Tenth Streets, thereby adding a driveway through the park and relieving much of the now-existing traffic congestion. North of One Hundred and Tenth Street to the Harlem River the avenue will ere long be arched with trees leading to the Grand Boulevard and forming a direct connection between Central Park and the new parks of the Bronx. Subsequently it is proposed to widen the avenue north of One Hundred and Tenth Street to boulevard dimensions.

Of equal importance with the foregoing innovations is the resolve to erase the stoop-line on Fifth Avenue between Twenty-third and Forty-seventh Street. For years it has been growing more and more apparent that the first street of America is entirely too narrow-shouldered to bear the burden of travel imposed upon it. By abolishing the stoop-line the sidewalks will be extended to the building-line and seven and one-half feet lifted from the present sidewalks on each side and thrown into the roadway, thereby adding some fifteen feet to the space available for vehicle-traffic and affording immediate relief.

Legal assurances have been given the city that it is privileged to rescind any rights to vaults under the sidewalks, so that the last leg of opposition to this improvement has been knocked from under.

OF VARIOUS suggestions advanced for the amelioration of traffic conditions around Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street junction, the one most likely of adoption by the Board of Aldermen this year is to sink the center of Forty-second Street so as to allow the surface-cars and heavy road-vehicles to pass under the street proper. This passage will, of course, extend between the Subway and the street surface, but the Subway tunnel is quite deep enough to afford the necessary space, and the plan will undoubtedly be ratified. At the same time, it will be necessary to abolish the stoop-line on Forty-second Street between Madison and Sixth Avenues by way of according space for carriages and a widening of the sidewalks.

Civic surgery will be practised with telling effect, it is promised, in either slicing off a block of buildings directly south of Madison Square or in driving a new street diagonally from Madison Avenue and Twenty-third Street to Seventeenth Street and Fourth Avenue.

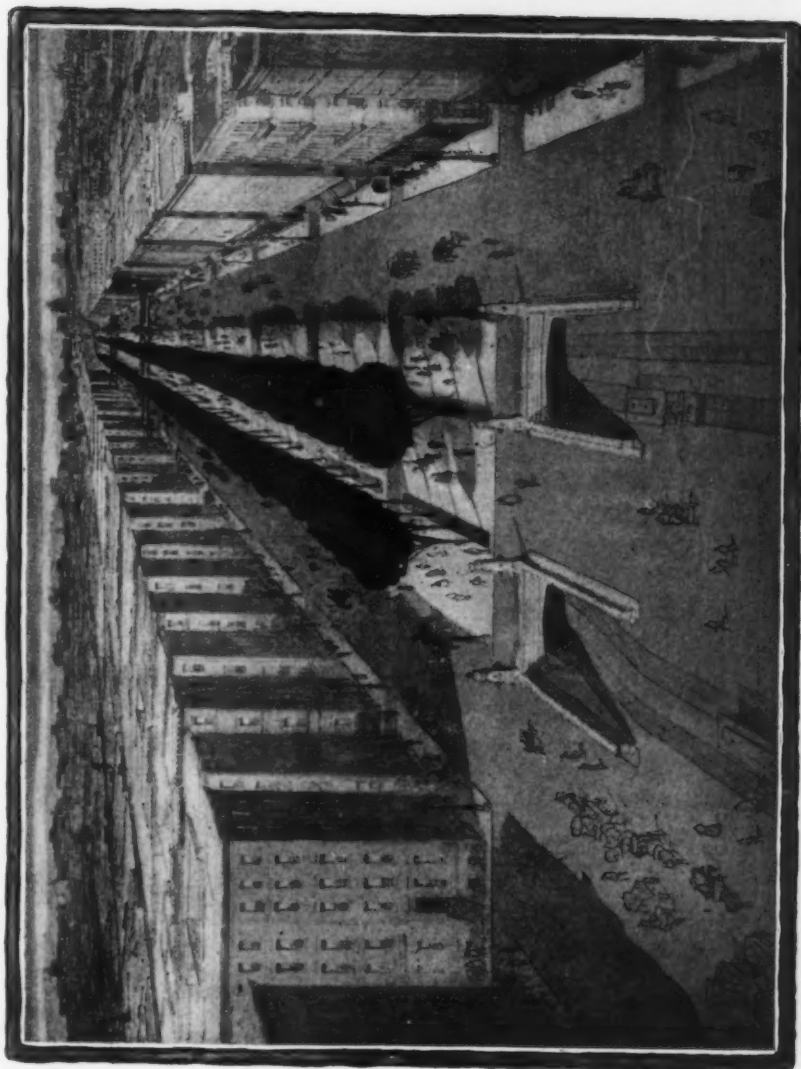
## NEW YORK IN THE MAKING

This street should run parallel with Broadway. Should the alternative be decided upon, as now seems assured, Madison Avenue will be run through so as to join Broadway at Twenty-first Street. The triangular area thus created will be made into a sort of green, befontained pendant of Madison Square.

Nor is this all. The commission is nothing if not thoroughgoing. It purposes extending Sixth Avenue southward to dovetail with West Street at Duane. Seventh Avenue may also expect to find its foot resting on West Street at the corner of Spring, and both termini will be gladdened by squares of green and shade. A new park is badly needed, says the commission, between Division and Canal Streets and Forsyth Street and the Bowery. This park will be a junction of new streets leading directly to the Manhattan and East River Bridges.

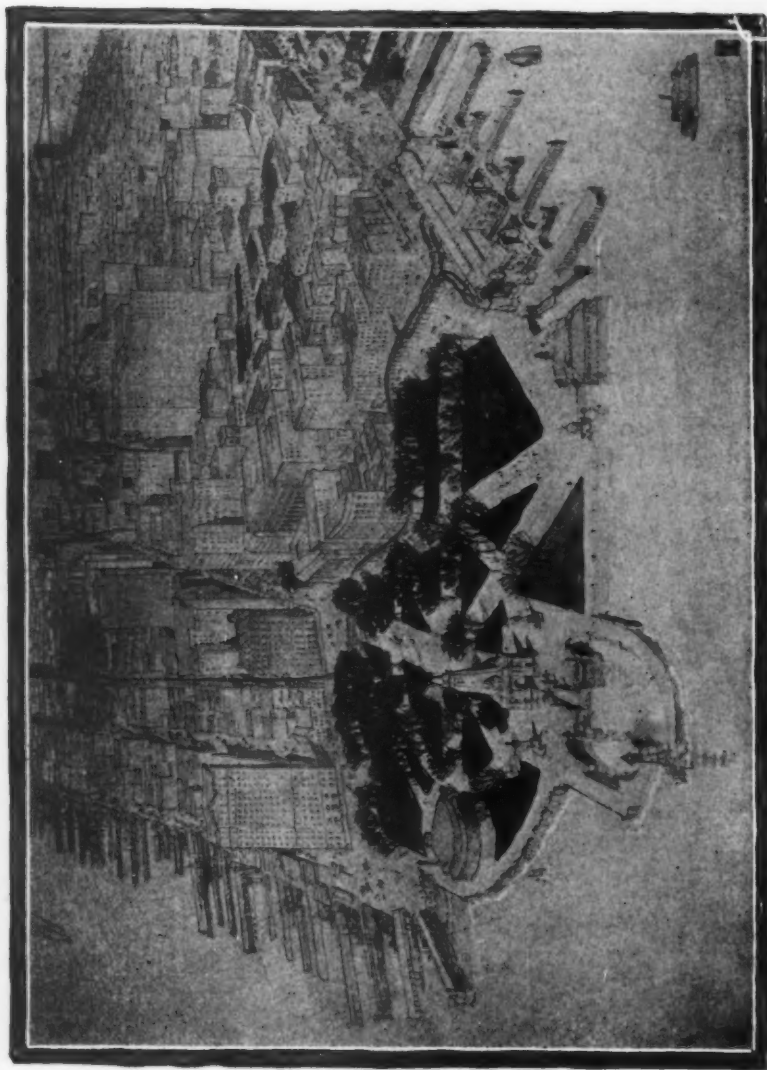
Crossing to Long Island, the visitor twenty years hence will find improvements scarcely less noteworthy than those in Manhattan. Spacious plazas will be hollowed out, not only in Long Island City as an addition to the Blackwell's Island Bridge improvement, but between Concord, Tillary, Gold and Lawrence Streets as a common junction of the approaches to the East River and Manhattan Bridges on the south. Flatbush Avenue, extended, will run diagonally through this plaza and will be flung far eastward from Fulton Street to Fourth Avenue. Heywood Street will be extended and widened from Kent Avenue to Fort Greene Place and Lafayette Avenue, where still another, though demurer, plaza awaits creation. As a fact, Brooklyn has plunged its hand deep into the magic jar, drawing forth the plan of yet another park between Canton and Navy Streets, facing the United States Navy Yard, together with a new street, by way of abundant measure, to run from the Navy Yard through the greater plaza to Court Street. Dissatisfied even with this spacious allotment the City of Churches has yearnings to transform Jamaica Bay, studded with islets, into a recreation-ground that shall not only rival but replace Coney Island once and for all time.

**F**OR these Manhattan improvements are not chimeras. Many of the projects are under way. Others have been approved and are ripening toward substantial expression. Plans have already been drawn for a greater areaway at the Brooklyn Bridge approach, and it is more than fancy, if not a fact, that before the block whereon



Drawn by Rich E. Long

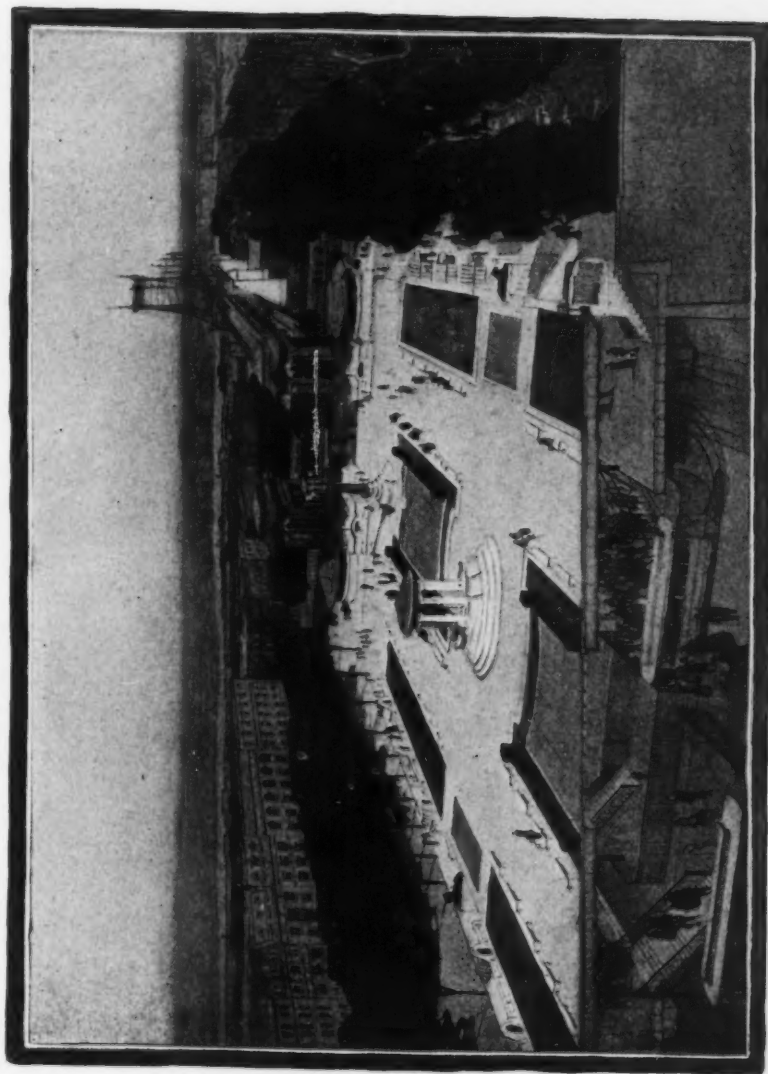
VIEW OF THE PROPOSED TREATMENT OF DELANCEY  
STREET AS SEEN FROM THE WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE



*Design by Birch B. Long*

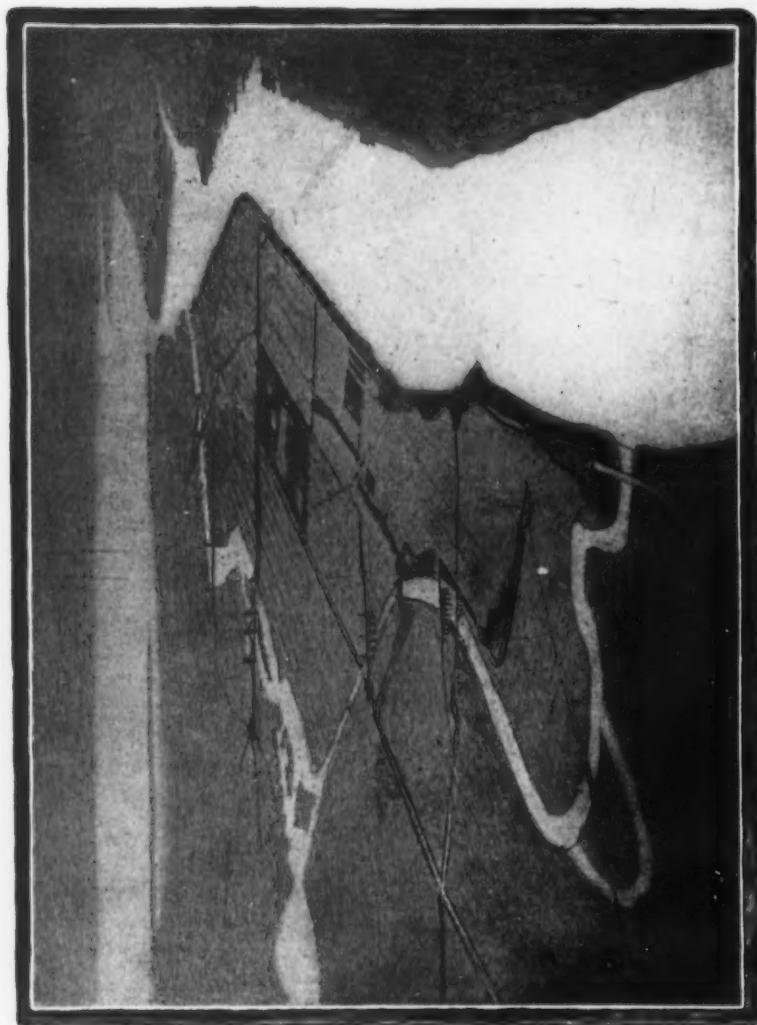
PROPOSED IMPROVEMENT OF BATTERY PARK—UNION FERRY HOUSE FOR  
LINES RUNNING TO STATEN ISLAND, BROOKLYN AND JERSEY CITY





*Drawn by Birch B. Long*

PROPOSED RAILWAY-LOOP TERMINAL FOR  
THE BLACKWELL'S ISLAND BRIDGE



*Drawn by Birch B. Long*

GREATER NEW YORK, LOOKING SOUTH, SHOWING THE PROPOSED NORTH  
RIVER FRONT AND GENERAL SYSTEM OF PARKS AND PARKWAYS

## NEW YORK IN THE MAKING

the *Staats-Zeitung* building now stands is razed, all that slice of land from Centre Street to Broadway on the northern side of Chambers Street will be condemned to enlarge City Hall Park and provide greater girths of green for the municipal buildings.

Of course, the scope of this forecast has not included acres of grosser improvements, such as railway termini to cost millions, seven great twin tunnels to cost other millions, additional subways under ground and masses of masonry above ground. Many millions will be sown in private ways that will yield a tall and abundant harvest. Above the skyscrapers of to-day will tower the forty-storied structures of the future now declared practical and awaiting only the pressure of increased realty values to send them pushing upward in the commercial heart of New York. By 1926 the city will have a new skyline.

Meanwhile, how shall it fare with the homeless and increasing millions? Annually, and for that matter diurnally, the supply of private dwellings diminishes. Those of recent construction are designed only for the wealthy, who each year are retreating more and more to their country seats, and who occupy their town houses, from the fifties to the nineties, for but brief periods. Yet somewhere there is always light, and for the flat-dwellers, too, there are flashes. They radiate from rapid transit. But the light is in the outlying regions, which improved communication will reflect. There, in place of impossible mansions in town, will rise myriads of inexpensive dwellings—squares and crescents such as characterize suburban London, mile after mile of houses, leagues of villas, all of them unpretentious, of a depressing sameness, but accessible, airy, secure from the crowding complexities of metropolitan existence, and each of them to some human being a shelter from the colossal city. Then as now, no doubt New York will reflect the United States, but with this difference—where it now is a commercial and financial center it may then be an architectural oasis. Shall it be only a great mart, the greatest on earth, from the Battery to the Bronx, bent only on waxing wealthier, crowded by day, vacant at night, a Cyclopean inferno with a tender canopy of blue, into which each morning from New Jersey and Long Island and Westchester the masses shall focus? Or, shall it be, as the prophets are planning and promising, a city of beauty in fact as well as fancy?

## THE TEACHING OF TRUTH



HOEVER you may be, however gifted, however kind to those about you, however circumstanced, can you sit unmoved over your tea, your dinner, your political, artistic, scientific, medical or educational affairs, while you hear or see at your door a hungry, cold, sick, suffering man? . . . What, then, must be done?

You know these things, and the teaching of the truth tells you them. Go to the bottom—to what seems the bottom, but is really the top—take your place beside those who produce food for the hungry and clothes for the naked, and do not be afraid: it will not be worse, but better in all respects. Take your place in the ranks, set to work with your weak, unskilled hands at that primary work which feeds the hungry and clothes the naked: at bread-labor, the struggle with Nature; and you will feel, for the first time, firm ground beneath your feet, will feel that you are at home, that you are free and stand firmly, and have reached the end of your journey. And you will feel those complete, unpoisoned joys that can be found nowhere else—not secured by any doors nor screened by any curtains.

You will know joys you have never known before; you will, for the first time, know those strong, plain men, your brothers, who from a distance have fed you until now; and to your surprise you will find in them such qualities as you have never known: such modesty, such kindness to yourself as you will feel you have not deserved.

Instead of the contempt or scorn you expected, you will meet with such kindness, such gratitude and respect for having—after living on them and despising them all your life—at last recollected yourself, and with unskilled hands tried to help them.

You will see that what seemed to you like an island on which you were saved from the sea that threatened to engulf you was a marsh in which you were sinking, and the sea you feared was dry land on which you will walk firmly, quietly, and happily; as must be the case, for from a deception (into which you did not enter of your own wish, but into which you were led) you will escape to the truth, and from the evasion of God's purpose you will pass to its performance.

—Leo Tolstoy.

## THE BROTHER OF THE CROSS—A STORY: BY BURTON RICHARDS



ABOVE the town a huge stone cross was set on the hillside. The high-road ran just below, and a little path led from it straight to the foot of the cross. A tiny stream sprang from a rock near by. Many a weary traveler turned from the dusty road to drink of the cool water and to rest in the shadow of the cross. Here one day came a young sculptor. He lay down to rest at the foot of the cross, and as he dreamed he had a beautiful vision, fairer to him it seemed than the heart of man had ever conceived. "I will tell my dream in marble," he said; "here on the hillside by the cross I will place it, that the hearts of men may be touched by its beauty."

He had received from a great sculptor a gift of a flawless piece of stone. Before this block he stood one morning, chisel in hand, ready to begin the work in the very shelter of the cross. He had scarce struck the first blow when a man called to him from the road below: "I pray thee, good sir, come down to help. My beast is heavy laden and has fallen on the road." The sculptor had laid down his chisel and turned toward the path, but in that moment he saw the vision more clearly than yet before. Never doubting, he grasped his chisel, and called to the man: "I work a great work, I cannot delay." Day after day with zeal he wrought, each line a new revelation. Through the long nights he lay beside his marble under the stars, and dreamed again the dream. Many wayfarers besought him for alms. Rarely he stopped to toss a coin. More often he said, "I work a great work, I cannot delay," and so the marble grew under his hand.

One day an old woman approached by the path and would have lain down to rest in the shelter of the cross. Her trembling limbs would hardly bear her up the steep ascent. "I pray you, good son," she called, "for the love of her who bore you, help an old woman up the path." The sculptor turned to look down upon her, but he shook his head and made reply: "I work a great work, I cannot delay." Even as he spoke his chisel slipped and a deep scratch appeared in the marble. Many questioned him of his work, but he made no answer. "I will carve so fair," he said to himself, "that the marble will speak and none shall need to be told." Earnestly he toiled and the vision grew fairer under his hand, yet each day that he refused aid to a brother man, that day some flaw appeared in his work.



## BROTHER OF THE CROSS

ON the morning of the day which should fulfil his task, he was interrupted by the approach of an aged priest, who, tired and footsore, slowly climbed the hill and prostrated himself at the foot of the cross. "Son, son," he called feebly, "a drink of thy cool water, in the name of Christ." The sculptor heard him not. He called again, with no answer but the ring of the chisel on the stone. At last he painfully made his way to the stream to drink.

"Son," he said again, "I need thy aid. I have traveled many weary hours. I am spent; yet in that cottage yonder on the hillside is a sick child. A shadow lurks outside. I must be there, but I am weak. Will you give me your strong arm to help?" The sculptor paused but a moment to make answer: "I work a great work, I cannot delay." Long the priest plead, but the sculptor gave no heed. "What is your great work?" at last he sadly asked; and the sculptor pointed to his marble, the form of the woman, stooping in tender pity to raise the sinner, prostrate at her feet, and proudly made reply: "I work the supreme work of love." The priest leaned against the strength of the cross as he solemnly made answer, "Woe unto him that saith to the wood, Awake! To the dumb stone, Arise! it shall teach. Behold it is laid over with gold and silver, and there is no breath at all in the midst of it," and so saying, he went his way.

At evening the sculptor threw down his chisel. "It is done," he exclaimed. "With my hand I have wrought supreme love." As he spoke, he stepped back to view his work. He stood by the cross to look upon it. But what was this? He brushed his hand hastily across his eyes. Where was the pity, the tenderness he had dreamed in the face of the woman? What trick was this? The face was the face of stone. No soul was there. Slowly he saw the truth. In despair he hurled his strength against the mocking stone and with a mighty blow cleft it in twain. Through blinding tears he laid his hand among the pieces of his broken Love. All the night long he lay in bitterness of grief, and when the day had come all was gone—hope, the vision, the marble, even the stream and the sky, and in the darkness he could only grope his way to the cross and cling there.

In the morning the people of the town found him and brought him food and comfort; and because he was happier by the cross, they made a shelter for him, and there he lived. Scarce a traveler came to the cross that did not bring him something for his comfort. Never

## BROTHER OF THE CROSS

a traveler left the cross that was not cheered by his loving care. The simple folk from all the country brought to him their griefs and joys, sure of finding sympathy for each alike. "Brother of the Cross" they called him.

So the peaceful years passed. One day his hand fell upon his chisel. He called his friends about him and plead that they would bring him a piece of marble. They looked in wondering pity upon him, but they brought him a piece of his shattered Love. "He is old and blind," they said. "He can not know."

Again, day after day he carved, joying in the feel of the marble under his hand, yet often stopping to give the cup of cold water and refreshment to the weary. One day a traveler reached his door and fell exhausted, stricken with mortal agony. Earnestly the sculptor tried to give relief. "But one thing can avail," said the voice of the traveler. "And that can not be. I bear the pain for many." "Then," said the sculptor, "I, too, can bear. I am of no use; I am blind. Let me bear your pain."

The traveler laughed a low, sweet laugh. "That is the one thing," she said. "The joy of your bearing has made me free." "Ah, if I might see your joy!" said the sculptor. "You have seen it already," she said. "You have found it in every soul to which you have brought comfort. I am Love," and she led him to his marble and gently opened his closed eyelids, and lo! the face of the marble and the face of Love were the same.



## DRESDEN EXPOSITION OF CRAFTSMANSHIP: BY DR. HEINRICH PUDOR



THE Third German Exposition of Craftsmanship held this year in Dresden, shows that Biedermeier's art is victorious on all sides. Most of the exhibited house-interiors which have any claim to notice are conceived in Biedermeier's style—indeed, to such an extent that the visitor to the exposition easily imagines himself in Viennese homes of the nineteenth century. Mahogany abounds, so do cambric hangings, so do gaily emblazoned furnishings of all sorts, in low rooms with broad windows almost touching the ground. All is old-fashioned and almost bourgeois, suitable for modest people of the middle classes and not in any sense what is looked for by the aristocracy. This type is now the one most in demand, not only in Germany, but in England and America, where the solid and the simple begin to supersede all other styles.

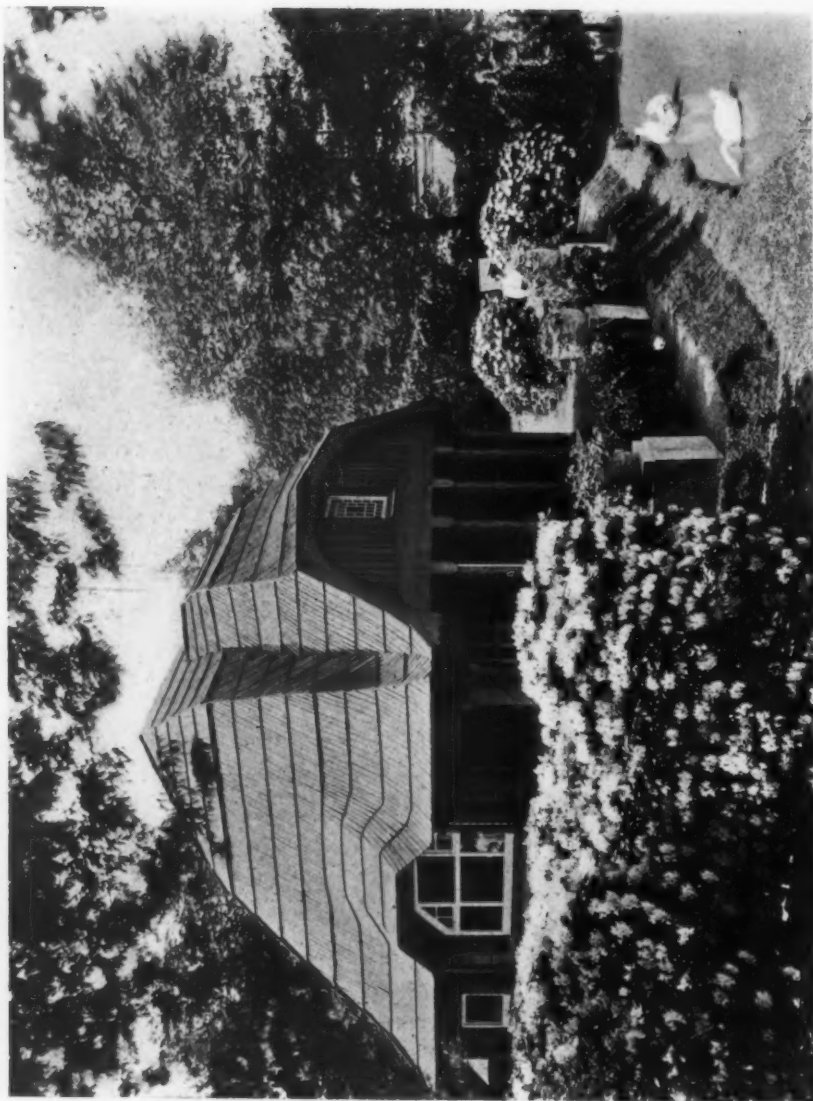
The single rooms of the exposition show a somewhat regrettable sameness of color-blending or tone, as will be noted in the Albin Müller drawing-room. This dead level of unrelieved tone results from the visible effort that was made to give an impression of color-harmony. The blending of the colors is, however, only noticeable on close scrutiny. Red, as in the Grenander exhibits, abounds; clear proof that Nature, with her exquisite variety of colors—blue sky, gray clouds, green grass—has been disregarded. This remark holds good of most of the house-interiors of the Dresden Exposition. Again one must complain of the restricted compass of the smaller rooms as well as of their lack of light. Finally the visitor misses a specific distinctiveness in the matter of the architecture of the interior, the ceilings, the walls and the floors being practically similar in all the rooms. There is, it must be said, a decided lack of attempt at originality in the whole Exposition. The attempted originality of Heinrich Vogeler has not been a success. Vogeler is one of the most fervent devotees of the Biedermeier style; yet his exemplars at Dresden are by no means pure. He has vainly endeavored to heighten Biedermeier with the adventitious aid of rococo. He has added a peculiarly modern touch, exaggerated with tawdry floridness and coloring, till his "Biedermeieriery" becomes altogether tasteless.

The best impression of the Dresden Exposition is to be obtained from the interiors exhibited by Albin Müller, Henry Van de Velde



*Emil Higg, Architect*

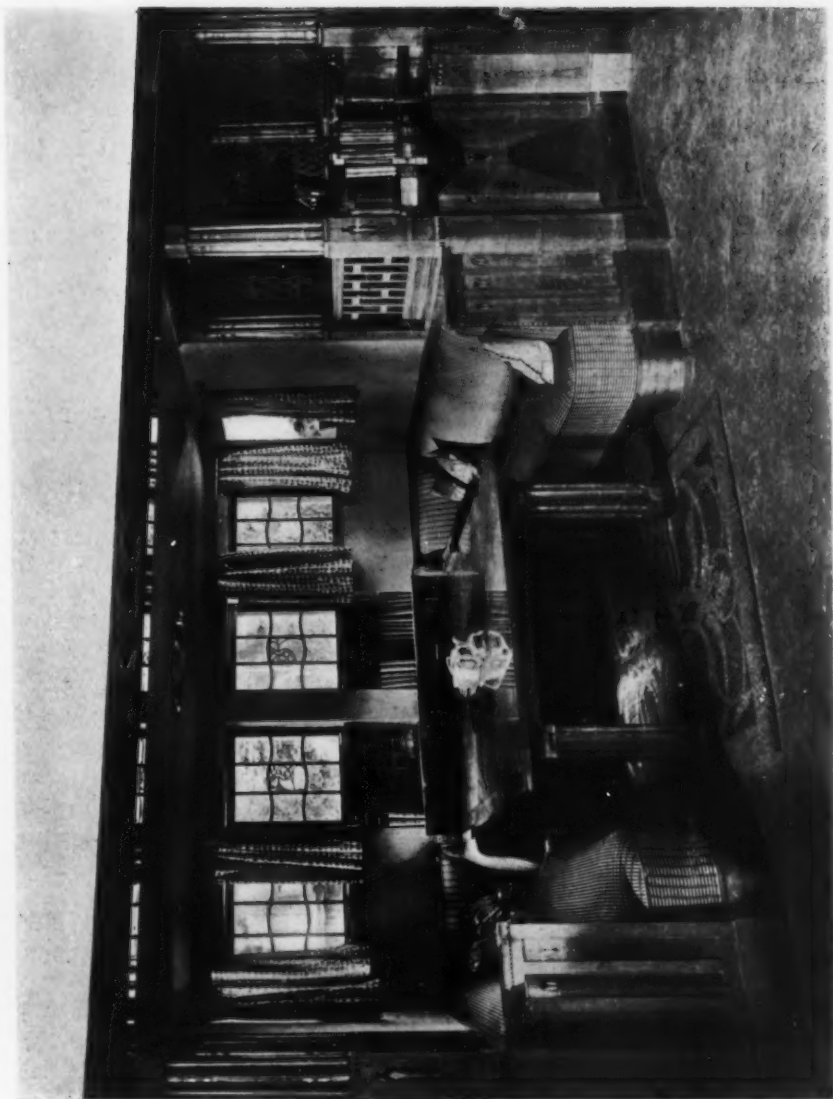
A BREMEN ANTECHAMBER  
AT THE DRESDEN EXHIBITION



W. L. Lillie, Archt.

PARK HOUSE AT THE DRESDEN EXHIBITION  
SHOWING A "NOVELTY" IN ARCHITECTURE





*Prof. Schumacher, Designer*

WINDOW-SEAT IN HOUSE  
AT DRESDEN EXHIBITION



*Ernst Kühn, Architect*

A NEW STYLE OF VILLAGE SCHOOL  
SHOWN AT THE DRESDEN EXHIBITION

## DRESDEN EXPOSITION OF CRAFTSMANSHIP

and the Bremen rooms. Müller's parlor and reception-room, ordered, by the way, for the Magdeburg Art Museum, are undoubtedly the best of the entire Exposition. His wall-work, the excellent color-scheme, the furniture, all are most artistically conceived and tastefully disposed. His drawing-room and private-study exhibits produce a most favorable impression, both pieces being architecturally as perfect as could well be imagined; yet even these are open to the charge of displaying too much sameness in color. Paul Dobert, of the Magdeburg School, exhibits a very charming corridor.

**B**REMEN is represented with a delightful antechamber, which, though rich, is not luxurious, but entirely characteristic of the solid and homely inhabitants of the Hanseatic city. The charge of sameness of color must fail in the case of the Bremen exhibits, and from the important point of view of hygiene, they are particularly to be commended, linoleum taking the place of carpets, for example. Grenander, Berlin's famous architect of interiors, does not show to great advantage in Dresden. In his reception-room green prevails as to coloring to the verge of being insipid. His small rooms are, however, tastefully conceived.

The Berlin Porcelain Factory exhibits a room in which the paneling is entirely of porcelain, giving a most favorable impression. The banquet-hall of the talented bizarre Bernhard Pankok is too crowded to be effective, while the color-blending is feeble in the extreme.

Reviewing the entire Exposition, it must be confessed that there is a conspicuous lack of brilliancy in the exhibits. The Biedermeier style calls for a close study of Nature; and, if one may use the term, almost a pre-Raphaelitic sense in the following of its natural simplicity is required in the craftsman who undertakes to be its exponent. Some of the exhibits show clear evidence of an elaborate and surcharged workmanship, which, in its seeking after the ornate and decorative, is entirely at variance with the principle of the Biedermeier School. Effort is the least characteristic of Nature, and effort without originality abounds in the Dresden Exposition. On the other hand, where effort is not apparent, a decidedly commonplace sameness and uniformity of tone and color shows that the variety of color-blending ever-present and all-abounding in Nature has not entered into the minds of the exhibitors. Grenander, for example, in one instance, and

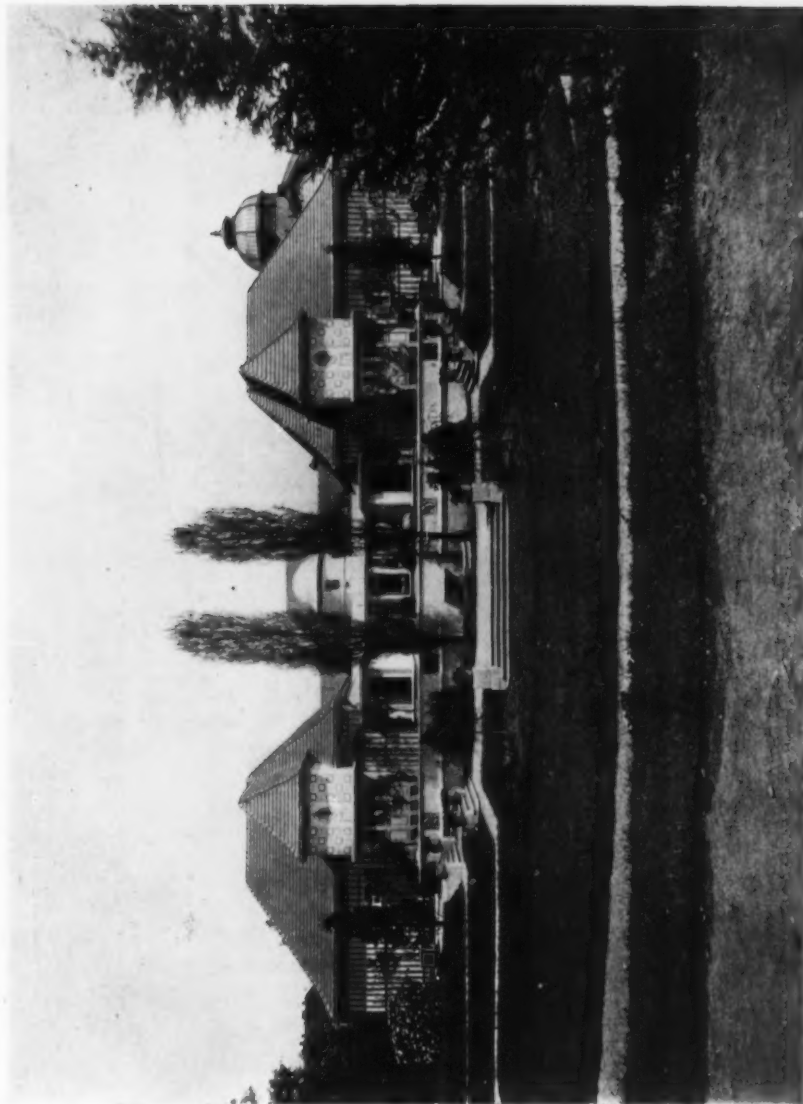
## DRESDEN EXPOSITION OF CRAFTSMANSHIP

as before mentioned, has chosen red as the color of both wall and furniture. Some of Albin Müller's exhibits are, to their detriment, open to the same charge, and since little is to be desired in the actual workmanship of these craftsmen, it can not be too frequently impressed upon them that their choice of coloring must undergo a radical change, and *that* toward natural variety—or variety according to Nature.

To describe everything on exhibition would require too much space. Passing notice must, however, be given to some of the buildings designed in the interests of the betterment of the working-classes, which are highly creditable to the domestic craftsmanship of Saxony and Thuringia. Also worthy of mention are the garden-pavilions of Albin Müller and Professor Behrens, those exhibited by the latter being a very high-class exemplar of pavilion-work.

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EDITOR'S NOTE.—This series of articles by Dr. Heinrich Pudor, showing the latest work of the Secession architects and decorators in Austria and Germany, will be of especial interest to those of our readers who saw similar exhibits in the St. Louis Fair. The examples given here serve excellently to illustrate the extent of the revolt from the old Rococo styles, and also the feeling of uncertainty produced by the very earnestness of the search after novelty. Biedermeier, whose work seems to predominate in the Dresden Exposition, appears to be absorbed in the desire to produce and accomplish, and, while evidently an admirer of the simple and the strong, he is essentially more interested in the search for novelty for its own sake, than in going to the source and laying bare the vital principle of what he admires. The same applies to the work of the other exhibitors. Decrying imitation, they themselves have become imitators, hence the result as a whole gives the effect of groping after something not yet within reach, rather than of achievement.



Prof. W. Ch. Kreis, Architect

"SAXON HOUSE"—ARCHITECTURAL  
"NOVELTY" AT THE DRESDEN EXHIBITION



CRAFTSMAN  
models were  
used by...  
Isaac Brown  
and Bruce  
Badger and  
the cabinet  
work was  
directed by  
Geo. Bicknell

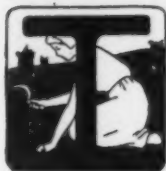


"When we  
started in  
we were  
teacher-  
and pupil  
when we  
ended the  
work we  
were com-  
mon friends  
on a level"



FURNITURE \* MADE \* BY \* BOYS \* OF \* EIGHTEEN \* \* \* \*  
IN \* THE \* HIGH \* SCHOOL \* OF \* GRAYSVILLE \* IND \*

## CRAFTSMAN WORK IN A VILLAGE SCHOOL —THROUGH WHICH TEACHER AND PUPIL BECOME COMMON FRIENDS: BY GEORGE BICKNELL



HERE are three ideas that I always have in the minds of my pupils before I proceed with any attempt at teaching them: that they must have a desire to do the thing they attempt, they must be willing to work at it, and that they must believe they can do it. The pieces shown here were made by two high-school boys of Graysville, a small village in Indiana. The boys were Bruce Badger and Isaac Brown, both eighteen years of age. They had done, before attempting this, positively no work of the kind.

They came to me with an assurance of their desire. I set them to work with what tools I had—a very limited supply—and it was not long before they brought positive proof of the other two requirements—they were willing to work, and that they had faith that they could accomplish. No other experience in the life of these two boys has given them the faith in themselves that this work has. I believe this to be true because of the way they have pushed ahead and what they have done of their own initiative since this work was finished. At the same time no schoolwork that I did with these two boys in the two years that I had them brought them so close to me and me so close to them as did this work.

We worked and talked, and we learned together to believe more in the dignity of work done by the hand. We talked of life and the creation of beauty. We learned together the strength of simplicity and the beauty of strength. When we started in we were teacher and pupil; when we ended we were common friends, friends on a level—in fact, we were lovers. It was in this experience that I came to my fullest realization of these lines of Whitman: "O tan-faced prairie boy! Before you came to camp, came many a welcome gift; Praises and presents came, and nourishing food—Till at last among the recruits You came, taciturn, with nothing to give—We but looked on each other, When, lo! more than all of the gifts of the world, You gave me."

What we have accomplished here could be accomplished in any village high-school, it matters not how small. The tools we used were simple and inexpensive—the entire set cost me possibly fifteen dollars.

## CRAFTSMAN WORK IN A VILLAGE SCHOOL

A brace and some bits, a plane, a hand-saw, a drawing-knife, a couple of wood-files, a vise, some sandpaper, a pocket-knife and two squares. We got our plans and specifications from THE CRAFTSMAN magazine and the catalogue of Craftsman furniture. The boys chose their lumber. The bookcase, the bookshelf and the magazine-stand are made of chestnut, and are stained a dark brown. The chair is made of well-seasoned wild-cherry.

ISAAC found in his father's barn-loft a large board twelve feet long, ten inches wide and three inches thick, and with this board, which was in the rough—places on it contained the bark—he made the entire chair shown in the cut, and with only the hand-tools here mentioned. None of these pieces contain nails. They were pinned and mortised. They were planed, sanded and stained by the boys. They learned the entire process in making these pieces, and are now working on other pieces of their own accord.

The work here shown was done entirely out of the regular school hours. The boys were given the keys to the schoolroom and permitted to go and come when they wished. They worked before and after school hours and on Saturdays. Often I have found them at work when I reached the schoolhouse in the morning, although I lived close and they lived more than a mile away. Once this winter the schoolhouse caught fire from a defective stove and came near burning. Some time later, at about ten o'clock one night, I saw a very bright light in the upper room of the schoolhouse, and ran from my home thinking the schoolroom was on fire again; but when I arrived I only found one of the boys working alone on the chair.

State Superintendent Fassett A. Cotton paid our school a visit, and while here said that if he could have his wish he would have, for the boys in every school in the state, first, drawing, and, secondly, cabinet-work such as this. And for the girls, first, drawing, and, secondly, domestic cooking and sewing. Men and women will never know the true value of the dignity of labor—common labor—until children are taught it at school.

I wish to say here that with these three elements of accomplishment—the desire to do, the willingness to work and the belief that you can accomplish—any teacher can do as much or more than we have done in this line.

## "NOT A CHRISTIAN"



O YOU condemn him once for all as "not a Christian."

What is your test of a Christian?

I call Christian those whom Christ would be likely to associate with if He came back to earth to-day.

Do you think He would frequent bishops' palaces?

Are you sure that they would find Him quite orthodox—in short, your kind of a Christian?

Where do you think He would preach, at St. Paul's or in Hyde Park?

Would He explain the doctrine of the Trinity, and the efficacy of infant baptism, and the use of proper vestments at the Mass?

How the poor priests would huddle these things out of the way, if they really saw and recognized Him!

But they would not recognize Him.

He would talk of Scribes and Pharisees, and Chief Priests and Rulers in the good old way.

And how long would you "Christians" listen to Him without indignation?

—*Ernest Crosby.*

## CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, SERIES OF 1906: NUMBER IX.

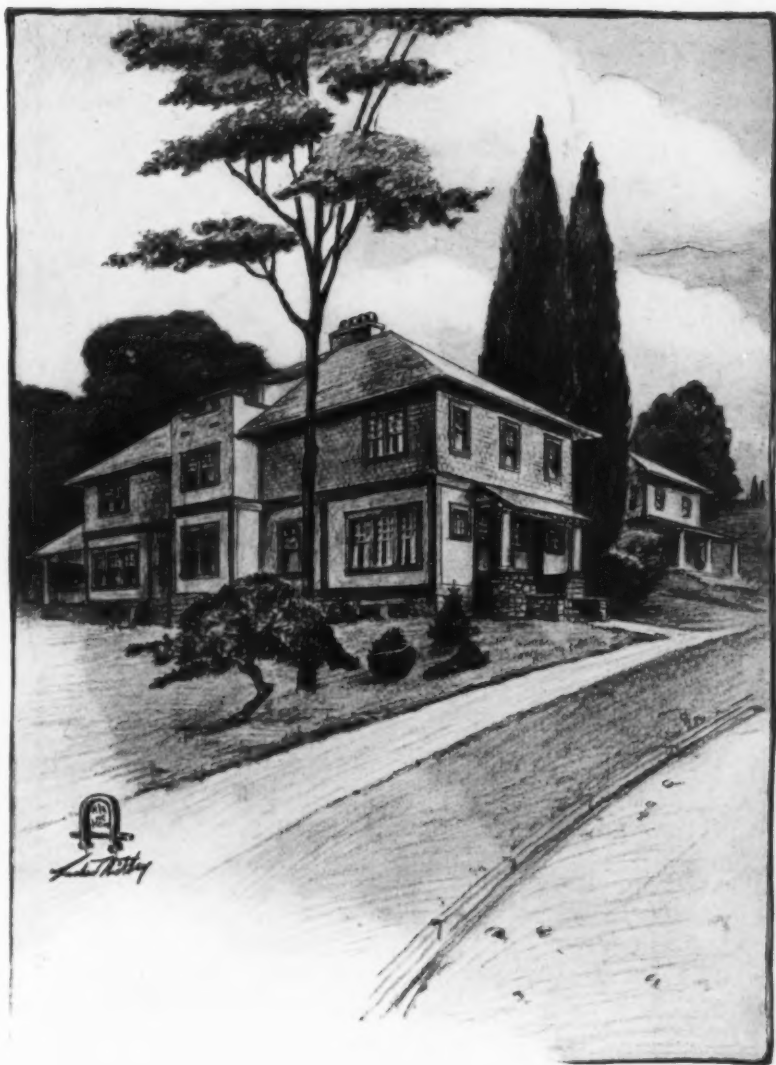
THE Craftsman house published this month differs only in certain individual features from others we have designed in much the same style. Houses planned to meet individual needs must necessarily differ from one another as persons do, but houses planned in accordance with the same general principles of construction and arrangement show a strong family resemblance under all the differences. Craftsman houses differ widely in form, according to the locality, climate, material used or required cost, yet all alike are designed after the same fundamental principles of strength and simplicity of construction, convenience and economy of space in the arrangement of rooms, and the gaining of a sense of freedom and restfulness by omitting all unnecessary partitions on the lower floor. The plans as illustrated and described here admit of endless minor modifications if such are desired by the person building the house, and yet the principle remains the same. For instance, we may publish plans of a house to be built of plaster, because to us that material seems the most desirable for gaining the best effect in that particular style of house, and shortly afterwards receive a letter from some member of the Home-Builders' Club, saying that the plans as published suit him in every particular, but that he wants a brick house. In nine cases out of ten it does not seem to occur to him that the house in question can be built of brick quite as well as of plaster, and still remain exactly the Craftsman house that he wants to have. The same applies to wood construction.

Our plans may call for shingled walls, and some one may prefer clapboards. If so, the change is easy to make, only we should recommend that the clapboards be wide and rather thick, and left unplanned, as the ordinary thin, smooth clapboard looks too finikin and "dressed up" to be in harmony with the rugged strength of the design.

The same liberty of modification applies to the arrangement of the interior. A family may be able to fit itself into almost any rented house that is big enough to hold it, for there is always the feeling that it is a temporary arrangement after all, but in building a home there must be nothing to "put up with" in the shape of a plan that may be good in itself, but is not quite suited to the requirements of that particular family. The whole secret of creating a home atmosphere which is at once a welcome and a benediction lies in the restful sense of permanence that leaves no room for a desire to change. And much of that peaceful attitude toward the home environment is due to the fact that the house fits the life that is lived in it,—fits so perfectly that after the first adjustment there is no further thought about it, only the sub-consciousness of peace and comfort and the enjoyment of now and then adding the little touches that are part of the growth of the home.

In the descriptions accompanying the published plans of Craftsman houses we have given many suggestions as to color schemes, interior decoration and furnishings. We have given them in detail, describing each room as we would fur-

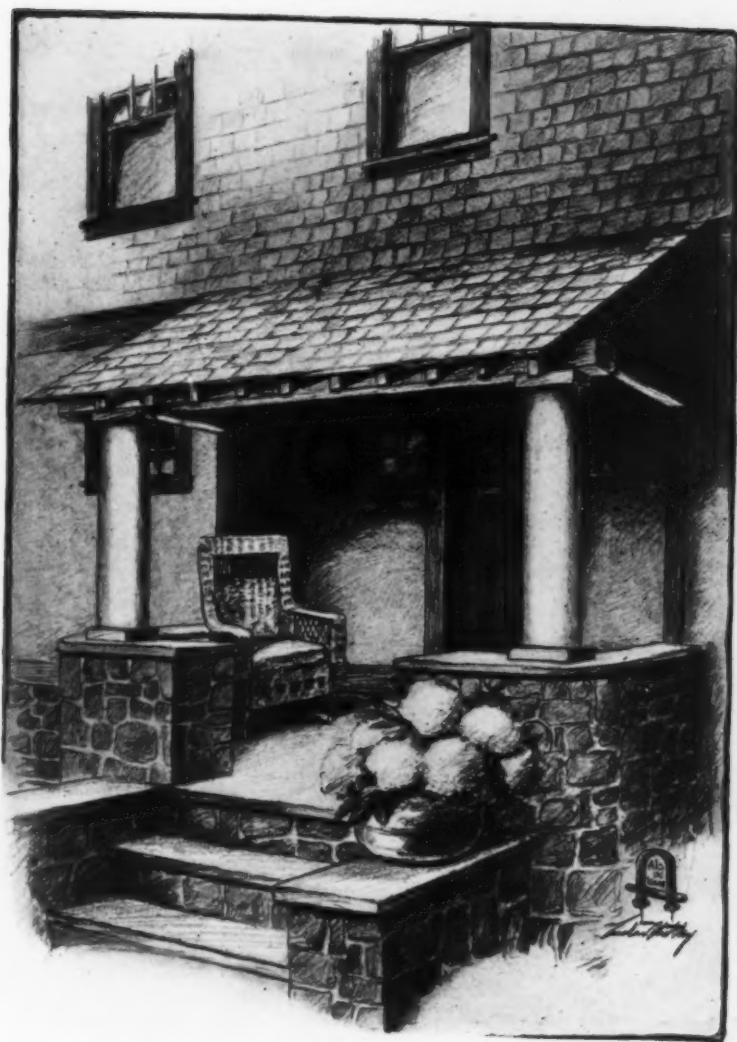




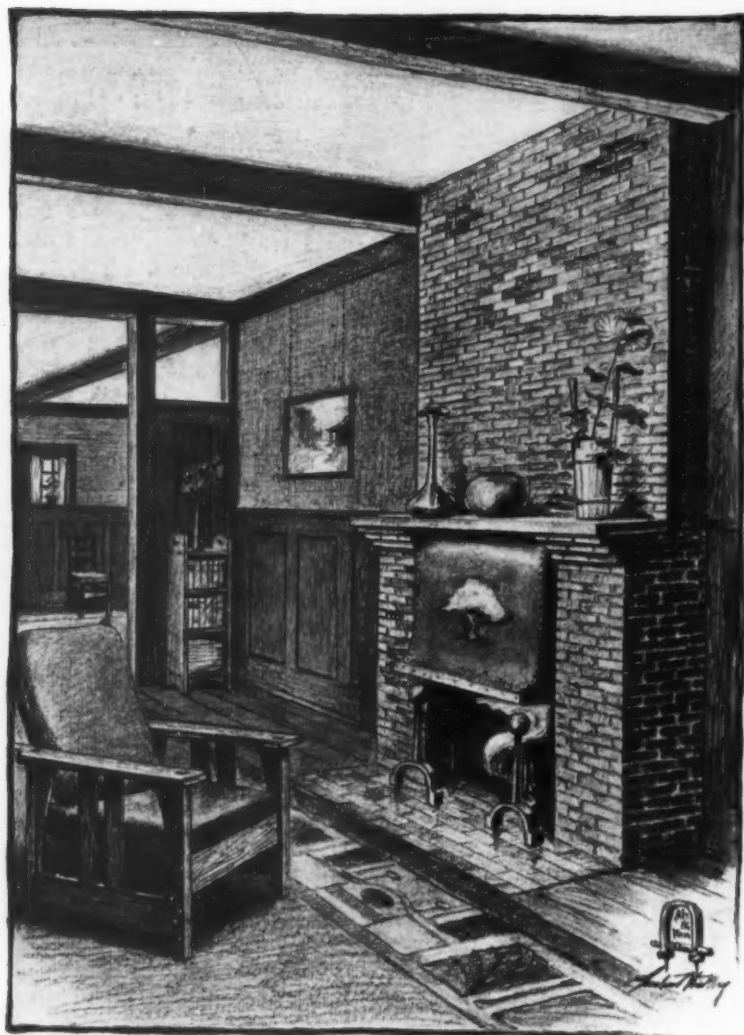
CRAFTSMAN HOUSE: SERIES OF 1906, NUMBER IX



REAR VIEW, SHOWING  
DINING-PORCH AND GARDEN



DETAIL OF FRONT ENTRANCE



FIREPLACE IN LIVING-ROOM  
GLIMPSE OF DINING-ROOM BEYOND

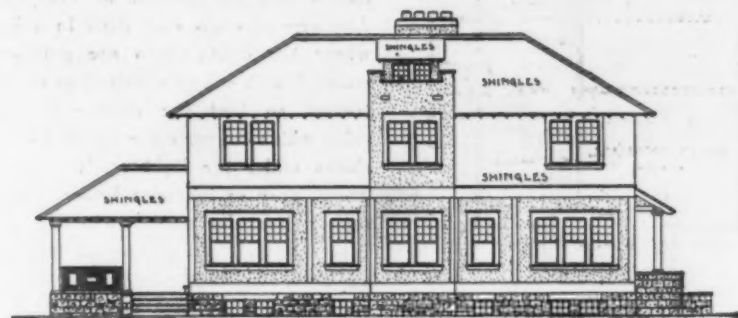
## CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NUMBER NINE

nish it according to Craftsman ideas. Naturally these decorative schemes vary as do the plans, and yet any one of them would suit any house, as the underlying principles are changeless throughout all variations. We believe that no house is satisfying unless it is designed as a whole. We believe that if this is done each room will be a complete thing before a picture, a piece of furniture, or an article of bric-a-brac is put into it, and, being complete, there will be no desire to put in useless things that are only an addition to the cares of the housekeeper, and that after all fail to satisfy because they are needless and therefore out of place. In the Craftsman houses, the keynote of each scheme of decoration is the woodwork. The friendliness of wood is unfailing, if only it is given a chance to keep its beauty of color, texture and grain, and is not made to look like something else. There is no sense of the kindly wood in woodwork that is covered with a smooth coat of paint or enamel, or is filled and varnished to a glassy smoothness of surface in which there is no possible chance for the interest that lies in the many variations



FRONT ELEVATION

of grain and in the surface play of changing tones. In some places, especially bedrooms done in delicate tints, and in bathrooms, the best treatment of the woodwork is the white enamel that gives it the smoothness and mellow tone of ivory, but in the family living-rooms the wood should always be allowed the full value of its own character. If natural wood is used in a bedroom, it should be one of the finer-grained varieties, such as birch, maple or gumwood, all of which lend themselves to light and delicate effects such as belong to intimate personal surroundings. For example, nothing could be daintier than a bedroom



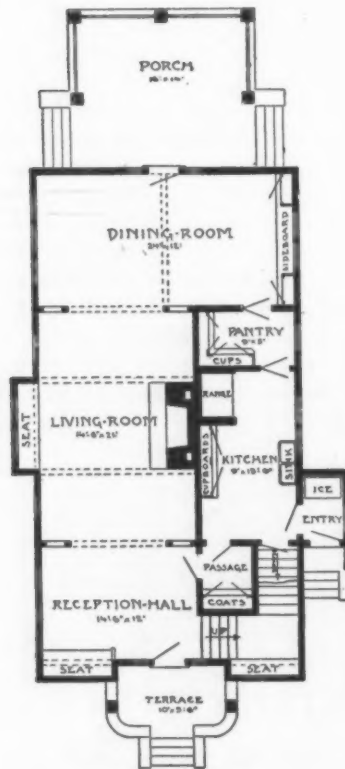
SIDE ELEVATION



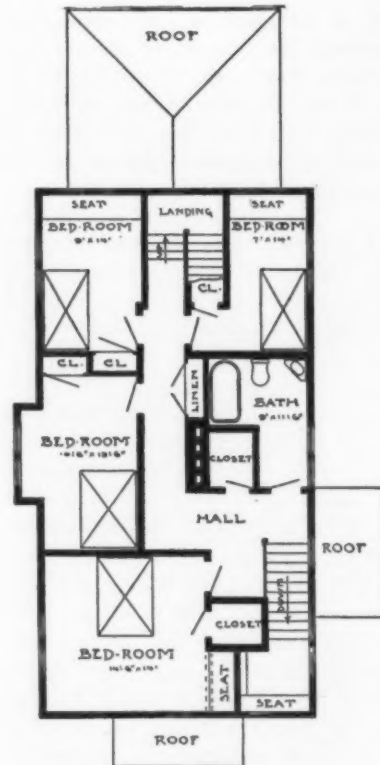
## CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NUMBER NINE

done in soft tones of old rose, in the dull gray-blues, or in either the peach or straw shades of yellow, where the woodwork would be of maple so treated as to produce in it a pure tone of soft, silvery-gray, clouded like the color in a hornet's nest.

By the same fitness of things, the sturdier woods belong to the rooms that are in general use—rooms in which wainscots, beams and all manner of structural features make the woodwork the foun-



GROUND-FLOOR PLAN



SECOND-FLOOR PLAN

dation and background of everything. Any one who has ever lived in a house where the living-rooms are generously paneled with oak or chestnut or cypress, treated so that the mellow darkened color which suggests the ripeness of age shows under the light surface tone of green, gray or luminous brown, and the strong, irregular markings of the grain form the only decoration of the plain surfaces, need not be told of the sense of restfulness and home comfort that belongs to such a room. The soft greens

## CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NUMBER NINE

and browns are the natural forest tones, and, given these as a basis, the whole scheme of decoration falls into the same key, the wall surfaces covered with fabric or paper in some contrasting tone that yet keeps the feeling of quietness, or simply left in rough plaster that may be given any desired color or left in the natural gray. In such a room the color accents and high lights belong naturally to the small things—to the curtains, cushions and the treasured little movables that give here and there a splash of color or the gleam of metal, but it is astonishing how few of these are needed, and how the furnishings tend to reduce themselves to what is absolutely necessary.

In fact, the furniture of such a room is largely built into it, and right here is the never-ending charm of individuality in each house. A dining-room where the sideboard, perhaps flanked by china closets, is built into a recess lighted by a high row of small-paned casement windows, has a central point of interest in its very structure that could be given in no other way. The same charm is felt when a window-seat or bookcase is built into the room in exactly the right place, or when a fireplace, nook, or some cunningly contrived recess gives just the little touch of seclusion that intensifies the sense of coziness. It is the feeling of "unalterableness" that gives its individuality to a room, the knowledge that one could be away for years and come back to find it unchanged, and in this lies the very essence of home.

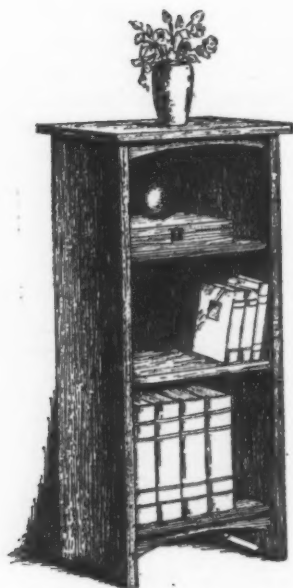
So these principles obtain in all our Craftsman houses, and the one shown here is no exception. It is built of plas-

ter and shingles, and its plan is plain to any one who will study the floor plans and elevations. Like the others, the whole lower floor is open, with the exception of the kitchen rooms, and while the different rooms are named for the sake of convenience, they are all parts of one very large room. The detailed description of any one of our houses will suggest color-schemes and decorations, and to give them here would be only to repeat what we have so often said before.

So these general principles obtain in all our Craftsman houses, and in the one published here they are rather unusually well exemplified. The lines of the house are severely plain, and yet the building has a homely, substantial friendliness that is most attractive. The structural features are so planned that, while they harmonize absolutely with the general severity of outline, they yet relieve it from any monotony and give to the house just the touches that go to make up its individual character. For example, the whole seeming of the front of the house depends upon the plan and proportions of the small, sturdily built entrance-porch, with its short, heavy columns and curved stone parapets, and all that is comfortable and welcoming in the impression given to any one approaching from the garden side, is conveyed by the large dining-porch, with its low, broad roof that repeats the line of the main roof, and its light wooden balustrade, showing the spindles and open panels that we use so much for interior woodwork. It is an outdoor room that connects the life of the house with the life out-of-doors.

# HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK: PRACTICAL EXAMPLES IN STRUCTURAL WOOD WORKING: NINETEENTH OF THE SERIES

## CHILD'S OPEN BOOKCASE



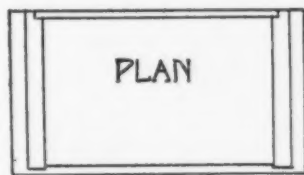
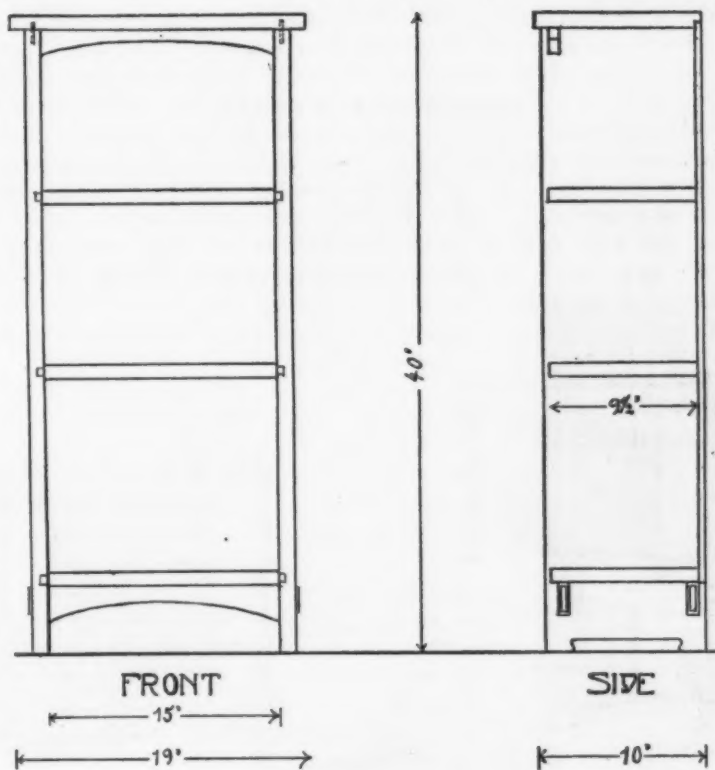
ONE of the great difficulties in attaining a tidy nursery is often that there is no place where children can easily put things away themselves. Closet-doors are hard to open and the shelves too high to be of use. Wall shelves and brackets are usually purposely out of reach, and the nursery table is apt to be full.

This child's open bookcase is planned especially to meet this nursery problem; there are no doors and the shelves are broad and low enough to be within the reach of very little children. The shelves are not adjustable but put in stoutly with tenon and key so that they are never out of place and never need attention. All furniture in a child's room should be well finished to avoid the slightest chance of slivers or scratches. It is a nice idea to finish the bookcase in harmony with the other woodwork of the nursery, unless this is in a bright tone; in which case a beautiful soft, harmonious wood tone would be best. This piece of furniture could also be used in a library or sewing-room.

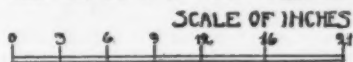
## MILL BILL OF STOCK FOR OPEN BOOKCASE

	Pieces	No.	Rough			Finish	
			Long	Wide	Thick	Wide	Thick
Sides .....	2	40 in.	10½ in.	11⅞ in.	1 in.	10 in.	1 in.
Top .....	1	20 in.	11 in.	1 in.	10½ in.	7⅞ in.	
Back .....	1	36 in.	16 in.	¾ in.	15½ in.	1½ in.	
Shelves .....	3	16½ in.	10 in.	1 in.	16 in.	7⅞ in.	
Stretchers .....	2	18½ in.	3 in.	1¼ in.	pattern	1⅞ in.	

# HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK



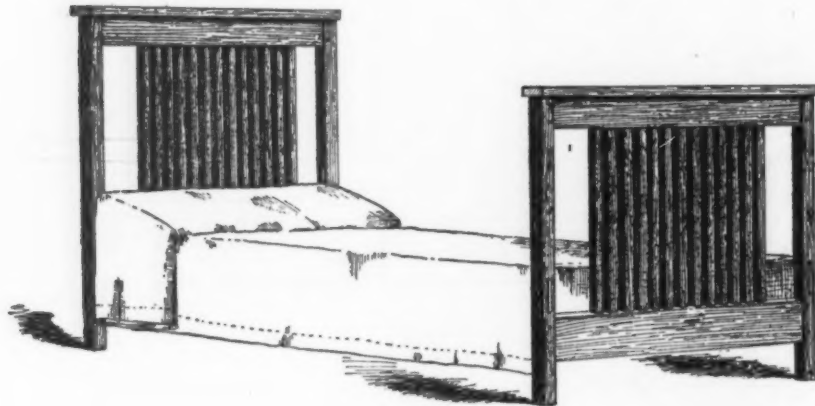
DESIGN - FOR  
AN - OPEN -  
BOOK - CASE



## HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK

### SPINDLE-BED FOR CHILD

**F**ROM the time a child graduates from a crib, this design of a small Craftsman bed is appropriate. It is made after the new spindle pattern which is so popular in other models of Craftsman furniture. Although having the effect of a grown-up bed, it is, nevertheless, enough smaller than the standard adult size to delight a child for years. This bed is planned to be made in the most substantial fashion, and is put together in the same durable way as the finest piece of grown-up furniture. It is made low so that a child can easily get in and out without help. As with all other children's furniture, the home cabinet-maker is advised to finish as carefully as possible to avoid any injury to little nursery folk. The most complete detail for the making of this piece of furniture is given in the working plan on the opposite side of the page.

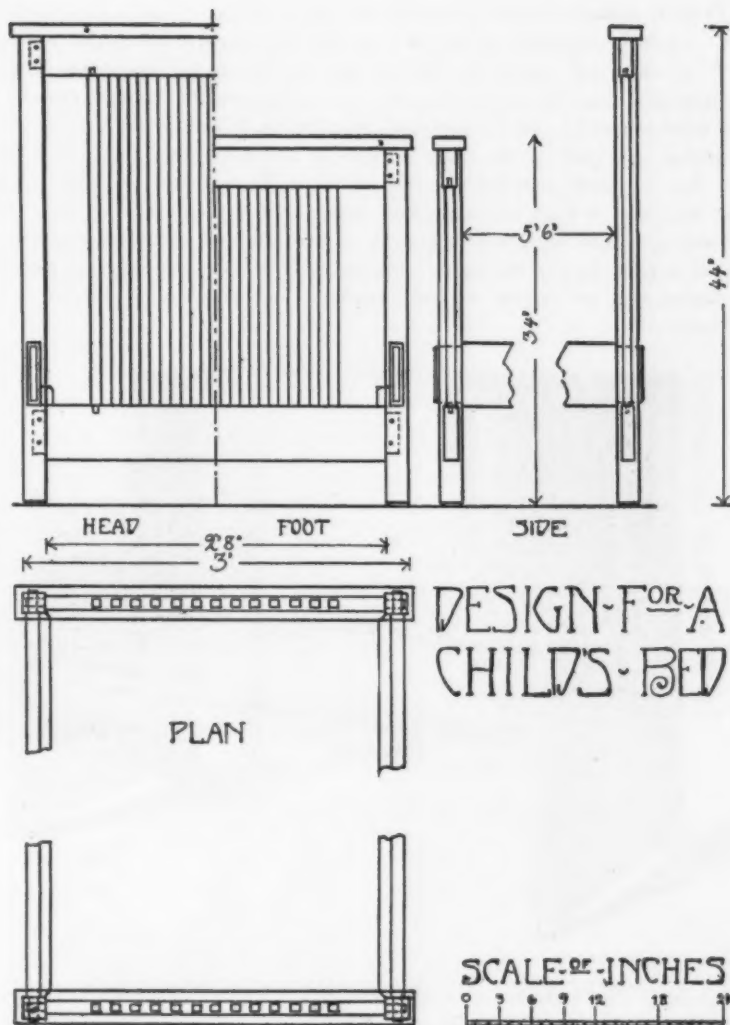


### MILL BILL OF STOCK FOR CHILD'S BED

Pieces	No.	Rough			Finish		
		Long	Wide	Thick	Wide	Thick	
Posts .....	2	44 in.	2 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.	2 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.	2 in.	2 in.	
Posts .....	2	34 in.	2 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.	2 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.	2 in.	2 in.	
Top .....	2	38 in.	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	1 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.	3 in.	1 in.	
Top rails .....	2	36 in.	4 in.	1 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	1 $\frac{1}{8}$ in.	
Lower rails .....	2	36 in.	5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	1 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.	5 in.	1 $\frac{1}{8}$ in.	
Spindles .....	13	32 in.	1 $\frac{1}{8}$ in.	1 $\frac{1}{8}$ in.	1 in.	1 in.	
Spindles .....	13	22 in.	1 $\frac{1}{8}$ in.	1 $\frac{1}{8}$ in.	1 in.	1 in.	
Side rails .....	2	5 x 11 in.	6 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	1 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.	6 in.	1 $\frac{1}{8}$ in.	



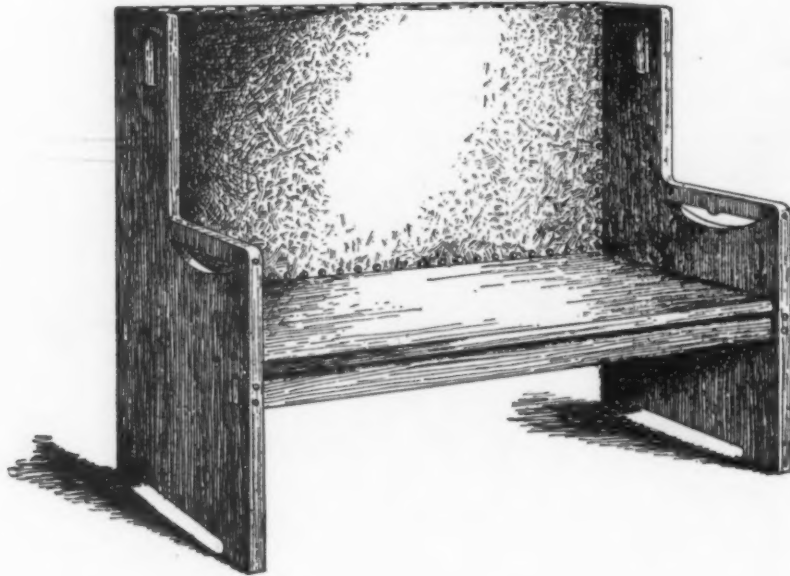
# HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK



## HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK

### CHILD'S SETTLE

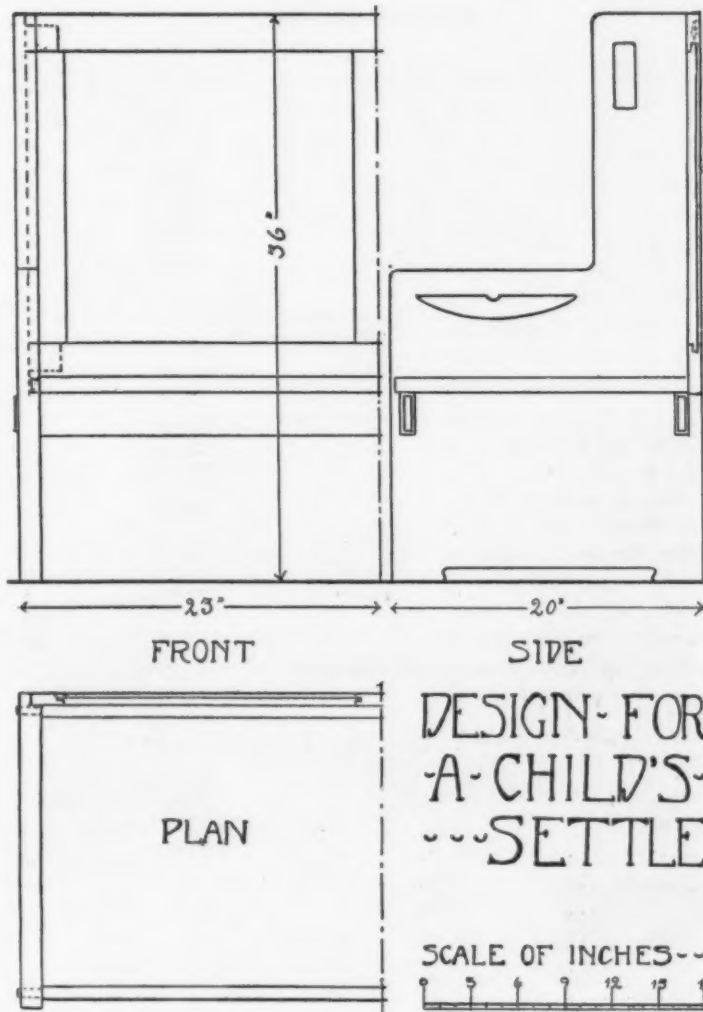
**L**ITTLE children always like simple, primitive things. This is proven every day when the boy neglects his costly mechanical toys for home-made contrivances of sticks and strings, and the little girl lavishes all her love on the unbeautiful but substantial rag-doll. This is because revealed construction always appeals to the direct mind of a child, and the furniture intended for its use is most comfortable when it partakes somewhat of the characteristics of the home-made toy. This does not mean that furniture intended for the use of children should be roughly made or crude, only that it must be strong and simple if it is to become a part of beloved surroundings. The settle shown here is of this order of furniture, and can easily be made at home by any one handy with tools. It is firmly put together with mortise and tenons and no amount of lusty tumbling and romping could put it out of commission.



MILL BILL OF STOCK FOR CHILD'S SETTLE

Pieces	No.	Rough		Finish		
		Long	Wide	Thick	Wide	Thick
Ends .....	2	37 in.	21 in.	1¾ in.	pattern	1½ in.
Seat .....	1	44 in.	19½ in.	1¼ in.	19 in.	1⅞ in.

# HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK



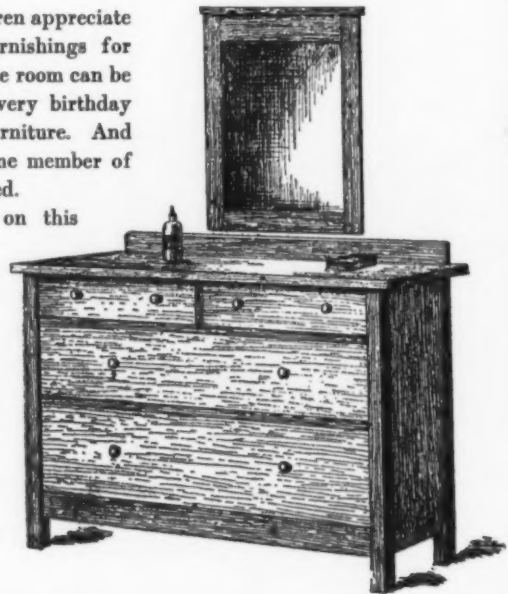
Seat stretcher	2	47 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	1 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.	3 in.	1 $\frac{1}{8}$ in.
Top rail	1	47 in.	3 in.	1 in.	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.
Lower rail	1	47 in.	4 in.	1 in.	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.
Stiles	3	23 in.	3 in.	1 in.	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.

## HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK

### CHILD'S DRESSER

**T**HERE are no gifts which children appreciate so much and so long as furnishings for their own room, and a complete room can be fitted up without much expense if every birthday and Christmas brings an article of furniture. And if this furniture can be made by some member of the family, a child's delight is doubled.

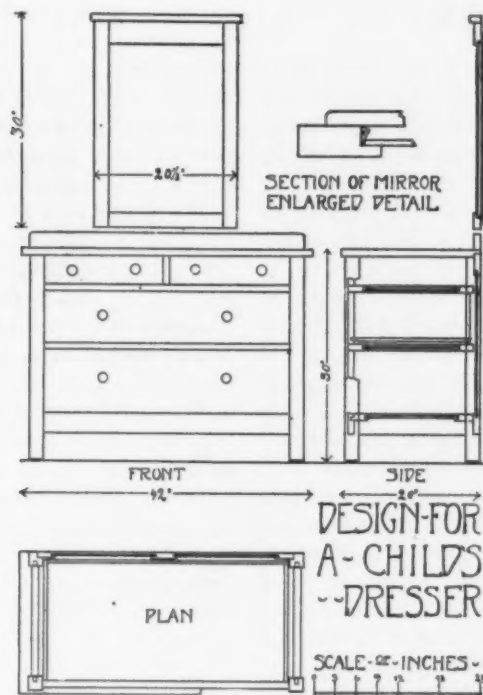
The Craftsman bureau shown on this page is intended to be made with the utmost care, so that finished, it would be beautiful and durable and a life-long possession. In the plans shown on the opposite page you will see that every detail is carefully worked out. The drawers are all made with dust panels underneath, and it is intended that the inside finish of them should be fine and velvety. By careful study of the working-plan, such a dresser could be put together by any amateur cabinet-maker.



### MILL BILL OF STOCK FOR CHILD'S DRESSER

Pieces	No.	Rough			Finish		
		Long	Wide	Thick	Wide	Thick	
Posts .....	4	80 in.	2¼ in.	2¼ in.	2 in.	2 in.	
Top .....	1	48 in.	20½ in.	1⅛ in.	20 in.	1 in.	
Sides .....	2	26 in.	18 in.	1 in.	17¾ in.	⅞ in.	
Drawer fronts .....	2	18 in.	4½ in.	1 in.	4 in.	⅞ in.	
Drawer sides .....	4	18½ in.	4½ in.	¾ in.	4 in.	½ in.	
Drawer backs .....	2	18 in.	4½ in.	¾ in.	3¾ in.	½ in.	
Drawer bottoms ....	2	17½ in.	17½ in.	⅝ in.	17¼ in.	½ in.	
Drawer front .....	1	37 in.	7½ in.	1 in.	7¼ in.	⅞ in.	
Drawer sides .....	2	18½ in.	7½ in.	¾ in.	7¼ in.	½ in.	
Drawer backs .....	1	37 in.	7½ in.	¾ in.	7 in.	½ in.	
Drawer bottoms ....	1	36½ in.	17½ in.	⅝ in.	17¼ in.	½ in.	
Drawer front .....	1	37 in.	9½ in.	1 in.	9 in.	⅞ in.	

## HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK



Drawer sides .....	2	18½ in.	9½ in.	¾ in.	9 in.	½ in.
Drawer backs .....	1	37 in.	9½ in.	¾ in.	8¾ in.	½ in.
Drawer bottoms ....	1	36½ in.	17½ in.	⅝ in.	17¼ in.	½ in.
Back rails .....	2	38 in.	3¾ in.	1 in.	3½ in.	¾ in.
Back stiles .....	3	27 in.	3¾ in.	1 in.	3½ in.	¾ in.
Back panels .....	2	21 in.	21 in.	½ in.	20 in.	⅝ in.
Division rails .....	6	38 in.	3½ in.	1 in.	3 in.	¾ in.
Ledger rails .....	7	19 in.	3½ in.	1 in.	3 in.	¾ in.

### MILL BILL OF STOCK FOR MIRROR

Pieces	No.	Rough			Finish	
		Long	Wide	Thick	Wide	Thick
Top .....	1	22 in.	2 in.	1 in.	1¾ in.	⅞ in.
Top rail .....	1	19½ in.	3½ in.	1 in.	3¼ in.	⅞ in.
Lower rail .....	1	19½ in.	2¼ in.	1 in.	2 in.	⅞ in.
Stiles .....	2	29½ in.	2¼ in.	1 in.	2 in.	⅞ in.



## ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

### ALS IK KAN

**I**NQUIRIES as to the exact policy and purpose of *THE CRAFTSMAN* often come to us from people interested in one or the other phases of life and art dealt with in the magazine. It is urged that a literal interpretation of its name would seem to indicate a magazine devoted solely to the interests of handicrafts and the applied arts; yet, while it is in no sense a "general" publication, its field covers all of life. It keeps in close touch with all practical efforts toward social reform, yet it is in no sense a socialist, nor even a sociological magazine. Its fundamental principle is a belief in good work produced under conditions that make possible the best of which the worker is capable, yet it is not a labor-organ nor one published solely in the interests of industrial reform. It is clear that it is inspired by a steady and well-defined purpose, but to most people that purpose has been hard to classify. To close students of modern conditions, especially those familiar with the writings of Edward Carpenter, the English reformer, it was at once made clear by the sub-title formerly used, "for the simplification of life"; but to the majority of people the phrase was simply one that sounded well and had no special significance when applied to every-day problems and happenings.

So with this number, which marks the sixth anniversary in the life of the magazine, we have adopted a new sub-title which seems to us to answer the question concerning our policy. *THE CRAFTSMAN* is a magazine published in the interests of better art, better work, and a better

and more reasonable way of living. We put art first, because the art of a nation is inevitably the record of its thought and life. We are at the beginning of an epoch in which the national art of America will have to stand on its merits as an individual thing, and our painting, sculpture, architecture and all forms of handicrafts and the applied arts will express the spirit of the American people rather than a superficial quickness and cleverness in the imitation or adaptation of foreign ideas and forms. Amid all the rush and turmoil of these early years of the twentieth century, the national character is beginning to take shape and to absorb into itself the many elements that go to make it up. As in Kipling's fable of the ship that found herself, "all the talking of the separate pieces ceases and melts into one voice, which is the soul of the ship." In our national life there is still a good deal of clamor from the separate pieces, but there is a deep, steady undertone, which is the voice of a nation finding itself.

And this sense of national individuality is even now expressing itself in a steadily growing tendency toward a vigorous and distinctive national art. Recognizing and believing in its deep significance, *THE CRAFTSMAN* does all it can to present worthily both the artistic and the ethical side, not only of the fine arts that bear the impress of the national spirit, but of architecture and the household arts as tending to shape that spirit through the influence of home surroundings. In this sense it is an art-magazine, and the same interpretation applies to its understanding and advocacy of all forms of good handicraft.

## ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

The keynote of life is work. Art is the flower of which the strong and living root is work, and upon the honesty of that work depends all that is worthy and lasting in art and in life. It is the constructive influence that is ceaselessly building up where idle theories tear down. The spirit of craftsmanship is not confined to any people nor any age, it prevails wherever there is an honest conception of the meaning and value of life, and it is simply joy in work. William Morris had it in fullest measure, but the poet and romancer in William Morris was as strong as the craftsman, and so he turned back with longing to the Middle Ages and sought to revive the old forms and manner of workmanship. The color and glamor of his brilliant efforts had immense value in arousing interest by their irresistible appeal to the poet and romancer in all of us, but it is the spirit that endures, not the form. In the vast majority of cases, it is impracticable for the craftsman of to-day to make use of the methods of the wonderful old workers whose masterpieces have withstood the test of time, and merely to imitate the forms is as lifeless and demoralizing as any other imitation. The conditions are different, the appliances are different, and the whole ethical and artistic value of the work itself lies in its power to express honestly the spirit of a widely different age. But in the revival of the splendid old *spirit* of craftsmanship there is immense significance, for it means an attitude toward the work of to-day that not only tends to make it as vital as any wrought in the golden age of handicraft, but is in itself an incalculable power for

good in the development of individual and national character.

That this is being generally admitted is proven by the steadily increasing recognition of the value of manual training as an essential part of education. A man or woman whose hands are skilled generally possesses a brain in equally good working order, and the combination of the two is very apt to produce work of a quality that brings to its maker all the joy and interest of the creative artist. This is a very different matter from talking and writing about the beauties of handicraft. *THE CRAFTSMAN* believes thoroughly and reverently in the power for good that lies in any work well and honestly done, but its faith in the value of "beautiful thoughts" about work amounts to considerably less than the proverbial grain of mustard-seed. Therefore *THE CRAFTSMAN* is by no means a magazine devoted solely to handicrafts. We take the greatest interest in handicrafts, but only as the term applies to the actual doing of good and useful work. As we try to do it ourselves in our own workshops, so we endeavor, in a practical and concrete way, to encourage others in the attempt, and we aim to present the best of what is being done elsewhere, as comparison often brings fresh inspiration and interest in our own work.

The principles that underlie good art and good work also tend inevitably toward a better and more reasonable way of living. The trouble with our modern life is that so much of it is based upon false standards. The feverishness and complexity that grow out of the greed for money-getting and the passion for

## ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

show are in themselves exhausting as well as unsatisfying, and so from these evil roots spring all the social and industrial unrest of the age. The universal protest against present conditions is the theme of every tongue and pen, but the general tendency is to uproot and destroy rather than to replace. **THE CRAFTSMAN** believes in construction rather than destruction. Bad conditions will vanish of themselves with the growth of good ones, and so we direct all our effort toward furthering the growth of sound and honest individual life, knowing that in the end it must become the life of the nation. For this reason we have little to say of social, political and industrial corruption, and much to record of the steady progress toward better things. We note joyfully that the unflagging efforts of men who devote their time to work instead of talk are resulting in a world-wide movement to establish fairer conditions for those who toil and to give those who have been vanquished in the battle of life a chance to recover their footing and to help themselves. The spirit of reform has many expressions, but they all tend toward one thing, the possibility of a better and more reasonable way of living. A knowledge of the craftsmanship of life means the natural falling away of much that is needless and cumbersome and the growth of more wholesome standards and ideals, and with the dawn of this knowledge the work of reform can be trusted to take care of itself. The task of **THE CRAFTSMAN** is to further in every way in its power the growth of the constructive spirit that characterizes this age, whether it take the form of

social and industrial progress toward better things, of the growth of a noble and simple architecture and household art that shall make absurd the age of senseless display, or of an interest in handicrafts that shall awaken the old pride and joy in good work for its own sake. It is all a part of the craftsmanship of life.

And we can not let this sixth birthday of ours pass by without expressing our hearty gratitude for the many expressions of good will, encouragement and understanding that have come to us from people who, like ourselves, are practical workers. It is an evidence that we are on the right track, and any one who has ever groped for years to compass the right and convincing utterance of a great truth need not be told what that means.

## NOTES

**R**EMBRANDT is to-day the most conspicuous art-interest of two continents. He is at last acknowledged the greatest artist of his day and the greatest etcher of all days. To Americans who share this enthusiasm it is a matter of no small interest that there are owned in this country a sufficient number of verified Rembrandts to group in an exhibition that would be famous in the history of art-exhibitions. In consideration of the following facts, here grouped together for the first time in the writer's knowledge, this suggestion is worth the serious attention of all art-loving people.

All paintings here spoken of have been verified by personal correspondence with their owners, and it can, therefore,

## ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

be stated as a fact that there are in the United States fifty-one Rembrandts whose authenticity is recognized by Bode, the great Rembrandt authority. Other than these, there are in the Metropolitan Museum (Marquand Collection) "A Mill" and "The Nativity"; in the Boston Museum "Danäe" and "The Portrait of an Old Man," said to be Rembrandt's father; and in the Corcoran Gallery "A Woman with a Fan." These five, of which I have found no mention in Bode, are credited by three of our foremost museums. There are two Rembrandts in Canada, while Pierpont Morgan owns two in England, which are, like many of his other art-treasures, held until our government shall remove the customs discrimination against "old masters." Lacking these two, we may still claim fifty-eight Rembrandts on this side the Atlantic—exactly twice as many as Holland herself owns.

The Rudolph Kahn collection in Paris containing eleven Rembrandts is now in the market; while the Metternich-Winneburgh collection of Vienna is to be offered primarily to New York dealers in preference to those of the Old World. As this collection contains some Rembrandts, it will be seen that our claims upon the famous Dutchman stand a chance of being strengthened in the near future.

We have among us three likenesses of Rembrandt, and two of his wife, Saskia. "Rembrandt in a Plumed Hat," owned by Mrs. John L. Gardner, of Boston, shows him at the age of twenty-three with an expression of face strangely compounded of searching and dreaming. Representing an earlier date (1629)

than any other American Rembrandt, this picture, nevertheless, has the characteristic romance of pose and lighting by which we know his work. The colors are of a harmony such as masters only may compass—a silver-gray toning of lavender, green, gold, dark blue and ruddy amber.

"Saskia in a Gold-Embroidered Veil," owned by Mr. P. A. B. Widener, of Philadelphia, shows the fair heiress as she appeared in the year before her marriage to Rembrandt. She is shown a few years later in the picture owned by Mr. A. M. Byers of Pittsburg, who also possesses a likeness of Rembrandt himself.

An excellent self-portrait painted when Rembrandt was nearly forty years old is owned by Mr. H. L. Terrell of New York, who said to me of it, "I know of no other in this country that has the same flesh tints. It was owned by Eugene de Beauharnais, son of the Empress Josephine, and came from his collection, known as the 'Duke of Leuchtenberg Gallery,' in St. Petersburg."

Since the beginning of the year, Senator Clark has loaned to the Corcoran Gallery in Washington a Rembrandt which would make the fame of any museum, "The Woman with the Fan." A similar picture painted in 1641, the same year as "The Night Watch," is in possession of King Edward of England. Our picture found its way from Holland to England in 1806, when it was sold in Robia's auction-room for £785. It passed by private sale from its English owners, and has been now for five years in America. The haunting young face with its unexploited possibilities of ex-

## ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

pression makes the chief, almost the exclusive impression on every spectator. Mr. John LaFarge expressed his satisfaction with this picture by saying: "To see such a painting is enough for one day. I do not want to look at anything else."

Mr. Morris K. Jesup, of New York, owns a pair of pleasing portraits which date (1633) from the early years of Rembrandt's life in Amsterdam, and which have received the popular but unauthentic title of "Burgomaster Six and His Wife." Yet they by no means need the assistance of famous names to obtain our lasting attention. Their present owner wrote me of them, "My Rembrandts have been my companions for twenty-five years and they are still on my walls. They are constant reminders of the magnificent talent of the greatest portrait-painter that ever lived. I have many paintings by celebrated artists, but none that I value more than these."

Mr. H. O. Havemeyer of New York owns eight portraits, every one of which is a masterpiece; while the Yerkes Gallery, endowed by the will of its founder, so as to insure its being kept intact, contains four Rembrandts.

Mr. W. A. Slater owns, in Washington, "The Portrait of a White-Bearded Old Man," which was painted in 1655. The breadth of its touch and the marvelous softness of its full planes of light and shadow evidence the maturity of the master, now on the threshold of his fiftieth year. The outline of the figure, here suppressed, here enforced by the light and shadow of the background, is a rare combination of variety and simplicity. The eyes, entirely within the

shadow of the black velvet cap are yet completely expressive of the half-wistful, half-submissive straining of poor vision.

This is one of four choice pictures in Mr. Slater's fine library, and its congenial setting above rows of comely volumes forces the thought upon one that pictures of such intimacy as Rembrandt's are only at their best in informal surroundings.

There are but seven religious subjects by Rembrandt to be found in this country, the finest of these being: "St. Paul Meditating," owned by Mr. John W. Gates, and "St. John the Baptist," which has belonged for twenty years to Mr. Charles Stewart Smith of New York.

We have in America ample material for a Rembrandt exhibition, and the widening circle of those who care for pictures may well celebrate his centenary by seeking personal and intimate acquaintance with these works of his hand.

## REVIEWS

MANY books on art are interesting, others are valuable to workers in one line or another, but it is seldom that a publication appears which would seem to be such a positive necessity to all who are interested in handicrafts and in home-furnishing and decoration, as the "Year-Book of Decorative Art," just published by The International Studio. It contains a well-selected collection of designs which have appeared from time to time in *The Studio*, and which are here brought together with the definite idea of giving a comprehensive survey of current achievements in the many forms





*Courtesy of the "Year Book of Decorative Art."*

GARDEN STATUE: "ABUNDANCE"  
F. DERWENT WOOD, SCULPTOR



*Courtesy of the "Year Book of Decorative Art."*

INGLE RECESS DESIGNED AND  
EXECUTED BY GOODYERS

## ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

of applied art, especially in those departments which are concerned with the arrangement and appointments of private houses. The best things being done now in England—the home of the best workers in the Arts and Crafts—are very completely illustrated in color and in tint as well as in half-tone, giving a clear idea of the color effects attained by some of the best-known decorators, as well as of the designs. Accompanying these illustrations are critical and discriminating bits of description, which greatly increase the value of the book to other workers along these lines, who turn to it for a guide.

Above all people, the English have a genius for home-making. Home to an Englishman is a permanent abiding-place, not a temporary lodge to be abandoned in the next turn up or down of fortune's wheel, or at the bidding of a restless desire for change, and he spends years of loving care and thought in making it the one spot on earth to which his children will turn and which will keep his memory green for generations. Consequently, the best efforts of English art seem to be in the direction of building up beautiful homes. This Year-Book shows dozens of examples of interior decoration and arrangement, representing the ideas of the best-known decorators, and is a very mine of suggestion in all branches of household art. Workers in wood, metal, pottery, textiles and needlework, stained-glass and all manner of modeling and mural decoration will find here the most authoritative thought on these subjects from a people who give to them a great deal of thought. Some of the examples are good, some

go over the edge a little in their daring use of fantastic line and bold color combinations, and in most of them is felt the exuberance of the reaction from the horrors of the early and middle years of the Victorian era—that darkest age of household-art. In every phase of the modern movement in England is apparent the delight in experiment and discovery, and if at times the result has in it none of the elements of permanence, there is still the attractiveness of the enthusiastic attempt.

In addition to the numbers of model rooms given, the Year-Book contains much that is striking in the way of furniture, mantels and fireplaces, all manner of lamps, candelabra, electroliers and other devices for artificial lighting, wall decorations, designs for decorative windows, metal-work from wrought-iron gates and door-furnishings, to the most delicate expression of the silversmith's art, pottery, porcelain, glassware, and embroideries of every description. Nor is the garden neglected. There are designs for trellises, bridges, seats, arbors, and all kinds of decorative garden-furniture, as well as some beautiful examples of garden statuary, of which we reproduce here one of the best in F. Derwent Wood's "Abundance." This is eminently a book to be kept in the household library for frequent reference, and should be an influence for good in guiding the choice of many who are groping for the expression of something that is as yet not quite clear. (The Studio Year-Book of Decorative Art. A Guide to the Artistic Decoration and Furnishing of the House. Size 12 x 8 1-2 inches. Pages, 276. Price \$3.00. Pub-

## ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

lished by John Lane Company, 67 Fifth Avenue, New York.)

THE *Burlington Magazine* is a luxuriously bound and made up publication "for connoisseurs", which is issued monthly in the interest of art. Each number presents, in well-written and interesting articles, subjects that are of interest and importance, making it a valuable reference book.

The August number contains some particularly interesting things, among which may be mentioned as especially important: the article on English miniature painters, illustrated with half-tones and four photogravures of the work of Samuel Cooper, from the collections of the King of England and of the Duke of Portland and the third of a series of articles on "The Development of Rembrandt as an Etcher," which is most important as throwing additional light and added interest on a side of the artist's work which is little known as compared with his general painting and portrait work. In an editorial, the magazine pays a well-deserved tribute to Alfred Beit, to whose generosity and interest the art world owes more than it realizes. THE CRAFTSMAN is especially interested also in the editorial comment on Art in Manchester, as being particularly in accord with our own ideals for the promotion of art interests by co-ordinating the various art forces in a society made up of the people themselves, which shall produce an atmosphere encouraging to artists and bringing forth from them "the best that in them lies." "We can not create anew," says the editor, "the conditions which produced Rembrandt and

Pheidias, but a common determination for local progress in the arts is the nearest approach to these conditions which our generation is likely to make."

Articles on Scottish Lead Spires, Chinese Egg-shell Porcelain, The Maître de Moulins, Giovanni del Ponte, Art in America, Art in Germany and a very valuable and interesting book review department, round out a list of good things which connoisseurs will welcome.

Mechanically, the magazine is a thing of beauty. Its cover is a rich brown tone of rough paper on which the title and table of contents are printed in black and terra-cotta lettering. The body of the magazine is printed on egg-shell paper in large, clear type, with coated pages for the illustrations, among which deserving of special mention are the remarkable page of photogravures of miniatures and the half-tone reproductions of the etchings used to illustrate the Rembrandt article.

(The *Burlington Magazine*. Published by The Burlington Co. London. 363 pages, illustrated.)

THE August number of Appleton's Magazine contains some particularly charming articles, among them, "Midsummer in Bohemia," by Christian Brinton, who has caught the spirit of Bohemia and transferred it to print so effectively that the types of which he writes seem to really live before the reader's eyes. It is a study of this most fascinating country and its artless, naive people, done with word-pictures which are as telling as Alfons Mucha's artistic illustrations which accompany the article.

# OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

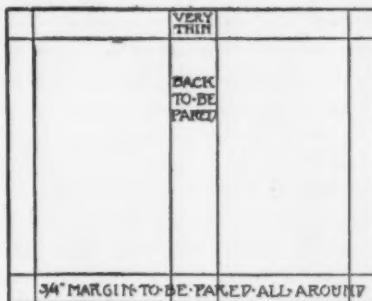
## A LESSON IN MAKING OVER OLD BOOKS

FOR those of us who have not the purse of Fortunatus there sometimes seems but little hope of ever having a good library. Most of the books nowadays are not bound at all, they are merely cased, and that in such a way that the covers pull off after a little wear and the leaves are injured by deep saw cuts, or wire threads holding the sections.

The most essential tools for the amateur binder are, sewing frames, press and plow, letter press, finishing press, pressing boards, backing irons, backing hammer, leather paring-knife, bone folders, good pen-knife, lithographic-stone, piece of thick glass, glue pot and brush, paste-brush, pencils, try-squares, T-square, ruler, dividers, erasers, tape for sewing, embroidery silks for sewing, coarse needles, scissors, mill-board for covers, plenty of charcoal, bond paper for end papers, and Japanese paper for mending. Leather need only be bought when required.

If an old book is to be rebound it should be looked over carefully to see that no pages are missing, and any torn places should be mended as described in paragraph on mending. Each sheet should then be registered, that is, held to the light to see if the printing on the upper right corner of the first page coincides with that on the third, if not, it should be refolded so that it does, and the new crease rubbed down on glass with a bone folder. Each sheet should be corrected and put in its place, so that the pages read correctly. The next

step is to cut the top, commonly called by binders the "head," the bottom being called the "tail" and the front the fore-edge. Probably you may have observed that in many books the margins are unequal in different sheets. It is a distinct improvement to cut them so that every head-space corresponds. To do this, a pair of dividers must be very carefully set to the distance from the top of the printing to the top of the paper in the sheet which seems to be the shortest. Generally a section of eight leaves can be taken at once. Two little marks are made with the dividers, and a try-square is laid across these, the handle-side resting against the back of the book. The upper edge of the try-square is then followed along with a sharp knife, a potato-knife or pen-knife will answer, on a piece of glass. Each section should be cut in this way, or if the sheets seem fairly uniform, possibly it may be enough to cut each section. This provides a "head" which is exact enough to be used in "knocking up" the book. This is done



PATTERN FOR  
FULL LEATHER



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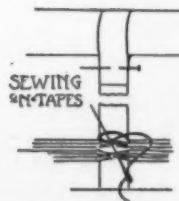
by holding it so it is vertical, head down, between the palms of the two hands, and knocking it against a perfectly horizontal surface, a piece of glass or a paring-stone. Knocking up is a very important process and must be repeated at nearly every stage in the work.

End papers, or what are sometimes called the "fly-leaves" of a book, are important, as, if they are made with a hinge joint and plenty of leaves, they do much to protect the book itself. The end papers should always be made of paper similar to that of the book, and used so the grain of the paper is vertical. With a large steel square, get a square corner, measuring from this four sheets one-half inch longer and one inch wider than an open sheet of the book. Mark each of the four corners with a cross, and cut the edges with a knife, along the lines formed by the square.

The corner marked X may be taken as starting points in folding. Fold so that top edges coincide as shown in the sketch. First, set dividers to a scant one-quarter inch and make a point, measuring from fold at top, same at bottom, holding the dividers so as to make a slight mark from the edge parallel with the fold. Lay on the steel rule, and fold paper up from point to point. Rub this new crease with bone folder. On the



KETTLE  
STITCH



SEWING  
ON TAPES

other side mark similarly, but the points should be a very little further inside, say the thickness of the paper. This fold makes an accordion plait, as shown in cut.

To protect the leaves an extra piece called a tip is pasted on, being made of bond paper cut a little larger than a leaf of the end paper. To attach it, open out the narrow fold, and paste the tip into the wide fold, leaving a tiny space, about the thickness of the paper at the center. Put it between clean papers and press under stone. When dry, fold the tip over with folder, in position shown in cut.

When the end papers are made and laid in the position on the ends of the book, tip out, with the corner marked X at the top, the book is ready to be put in press. After the head is cut by hand, the fore-edge and tail may also be cut by hand, but it is a tiresome process, and if the book is to have rough gilt edges it is just as well to press it and have the gilder cut the edges when he is ready to do the gilding by hand.

A letter-press answers very well, if the book is left in long enough, say forty-eight hours. The book must be knocked up at the head and back with great care, and laid on the center of a board. It must be tested with a try-square. If it stands vertical, place an-



HEAD  
CAP



BACKING



SEWING ON TAPES





CUTTING BOARDS WITH PRESS AND PLOW



COVERING A FULL BOUND

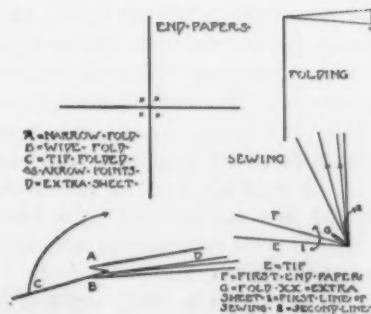


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other board on top and put it exactly under the screw of the press. Test it to see that it has not slipped, as, if the sheets are pressed in a wrong position the defect can not be remedied. The press should be screwed as tight as possible. Several books may be pressed at one time if care is taken in putting in and removing them.

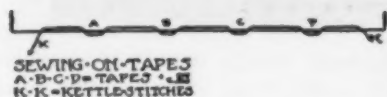
When the book is pressed and the edges are gilt, the next step is sewing. Knock up the book and divide the back with dividers if it is to be sewed on four tapes, into five parts, the one at the tail being a little the longest. At each end, mark a point one-half inch in for the "kettle stitch." Draw lines across the book with a soft pencil, using a try-square, one for each kettle stitch, and one for the center of each tape. On the bottom of the sewing frame, measure corresponding distances for the four tapes and tack each one in place, then carry each one to the top of the frame and pin it over the ring. Place the book in position and test with a try-square to see that the tapes and marks on the book are vertical. Screw up the rings.

The book should be sewed with medium sized book-binders' thread, or with embroidery silk, a soft green being satisfactory. The needles should be large. In very careful work a hole is pricked for every stitch in each section. Tie the end of the thread to a tack at the right of the book, and begin sewing the end paper, starting in at the outside of the first kettle stitch. The end papers should



be sewed in two places, once next to the first paper, then between doubled parts as shown in sketch. The thread follows a course as shown in sketch, the kettle stitch also being shown. If it is necessary to make a knot, it should come between the tapes; the best way being to attach the new thread with a weaver's knot, pulling the knot through so it comes on the inside of the book.

In sewing tapes, it is well to catch every third thread with a button-hole stitch. The sewer may sit in front of the frame, as in the photograph, or at the end, but her position must always be such as to allow her left hand to go behind the tapes, in the middle of the sections she is sewing on. When the sewing is finished the ends should be fastened with a double kettle stitch and each thread put through into the book, cut off about three-quarters inch long, and frayed out like a tassel so it will be flat. The tapes may then be cut off two inches from the book, and the book taken out. It should be put in the finishing press, back up, and the tapes pulled very tight. This may be done while the glue is heating. Regular binder's glue should be used.



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All the processes between sewing and finishing are included under the general name of forwarding: The first of these is gluing up. The book is first placed between mill boards having one right angle at the corner formed by head and back, and carefully knocked up. It is then put into the finishing press back up and the back daubed with hot glue. Again bookbinder's glue is the best.

When the glue is so nearly dry that it has ceased to be tacky, the book is laid on a stone with the back away from the worker.

The sections are pressed forward with the left hand, and the back is hammered over till it becomes rounded. The book is then turned over and the other side done similarly. This is called rounding. The next step is backing. The thickness of the boards for the cover must be decided, and the book put between the backing irons which are set in the press, ends of tapes out, in such a position that the exact thickness of the boards projects above the top of the irons to form a joint. This process is very important; if necessary, lines may be drawn to mark the exact place for the top of the irons. Even professionals have frequently to put the book in position two or three times to get it exact.

The stroke used in backing the book is shown in the photographs, the tendency being to throw the sections out and broaden them. The outside sections should first be beaten to form the joint and the book then taken out to see that every part is accurate. In replacing, be sure that the two ends are rounded alike, and that the two joints are exactly the same size, no matter if it takes an hour;

then screw up the press as tight as possible, and proceed till the back is smooth and solid, and the joints sharp.

Preparing boards—The book may then be left in press to dry, the process of backing being completed, while the boards are made. In a book sewed on raised bands the best quality of mill board should be used, lined with good white paper. For a book sewed on tapes, the thin mill board may be lined with straw board. The approximate size, considerable allowance being made for cutting, should be decided on, and the four pieces of board cut so that one long edge is perfect in the press and plow, the two strawboards being left out. The method of cutting with press and plow is shown in a photograph, care being taken to put a piece of heavy mill board back of the boards to be cut, and a wooden board back of that. The plow iron must be kept very sharp and the plow held solidly, the screw being turned slightly so as to insure a constant deepening of the cut.

After the long edges are cut a line should be drawn two inches in on each board, and the straw board glued to the mill board outside this two-inch space, which should be filled in with a loose piece of paper. After the boards are prepared in this way they should be nipped up in the press.

The two sets of boards should then be stuck together with a bit of paste, the cut edges exactly coinciding and the mill boards outside. They should be put in press overnight.

The boards should then be cut to fit the book, allowing twice the thickness of the board longer than the book, and

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once wider. These distances may be obtained by setting dividers to the thickness of the board. The head and tail lines must be drawn with a try-square, angles to the back, and the fore-edge at right angles to them, testing it to see that the fore-edge and back are parallel.

The back corners are then cut off with a sharp knife and all the edges filed. In setting the boards in place, an allowance of perhaps one-sixteenth inch should be left to allow the boards free play. The ends of the paper and the tip should be cut parallel with the back one and three-quarters inches away. The corner of the tip may be cut off. These ends and the tip should then be slipped into the two-inch space left between the boards, the paper being first removed. If they fit correctly they should then be glued in, the book being protected by a paper cover. The boards must be tested for accuracy before the glue sets, and the book nipped up in the press.

Head bands may now be worked, but are not essential in this style. In full bound books the entire cover is of leather; in half bindings, leather is only used for the corners and backs. A pattern for a full-bound should first be drawn carefully with T-square and triangles, allowing three-quarter inch extra for turn in. The picture illustrates the method. The leather has the pattern drawn on it to coincide, and the three-quarter inch edge is then pared thin, the very edge being as thin as possible. The space over the back is also pared a little, not very much in books sewed on tapes. It will pay to learn how to use a paring-knife by watching some one in a bindery, as it is hard to describe the process in words.

The back of the book should be filled in with paper between the tapes and sand-papered smooth. A little paste may be put on before the leather is put on. The leather should be well soaked with paste, and spread out wrong side up on a stone. The back of the book is laid on the middle of the leather, and the book turned over again for the other side. Then the leather is pulled into position if the margins are not equal. The book is then stood on the fore-edges and the leather pulled down with the palms of the hands, as shown in the photograph, and patted flat all over one side, then over the other. The fore-edge is then worked by pulling the leather over, lapping it inside and rubbing the edge with the bone folder, the other fore-edge the same way.

The book is then stood up on one end and the leather pushed away from the top far enough to allow a space to make it lap down neatly across the back—that is, it must be “tucked in” between the boards and the back. The very middle must be pulled up a little so as to make a head-cap. After each end is done this way, and the edges turned in along the boards at head and tail to the corners, a long piece of silk is tied around the book twice, pulling in the leather where the notch was cut in the boards. The cap is then formed by tapping the book, tipped slightly backward on a stone, and pressing a small orange-wood stick into each side of the cap to hold it in shape. The little sketch shows the correct form. The silk may be left on while the corners are being mitered. The very corner is made by stretching the leather diagonally onto the book, the surplus leather

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is then pushed up and cut away with scissors, leaving a tiny overlap, to be pasted down very carefully, covered with fresh pieces of paper. The joint especially must be perfectly smooth. When one side is done it should be left open and folded back in canton flannel under a board or stone while the other side is done. The book should then be left open standing, with the covers held back by a piece of cardboard cut as in the picture.

The paste used in the different processes may be obtained from a bindery or made at home. If the latter it must be rubbed very smooth with a spoon through a fine sieve after the materials are wet.

For leather the following proportions will make a good paste: two cups flour, eight cups hot water, a few drops oil of cloves. Stir constantly, while boiling. For paper, especially in mending, a paste made of starch is preferable. One-half flour and one-half starch is a good proportion. A little formaldehyde may be used to make it keep.

In mending, the essential thing is to have plenty of clean papers with which to rub down the work, so that the fingers need never touch the partly dried patch. Each mended sheet should then be laid under a stone, between clean papers. The thinnest Japanese paper, if strong, may be used. It should be measured with dividers and cut with a sharp knife and glass. Often single sheets are pasted to the last leaves of sections. These should be moistened and removed, and "guarded"; that is, a strip of paper heavy

enough to hold sewing should be cut just the length of the sheet and wide enough to fold over and sew with the section. Engravings and maps may be mounted this way. In the most delicate mending the edges of the paper are sometimes pared, and often a piece like the page is used. The mending-paper should always match the book in color. In making new end papers for old books the paper chosen should be deeper, rather than lighter in color. Novels, school-books, and other cheaply cased books often have their covers pulled loose while the leaves are still solid.

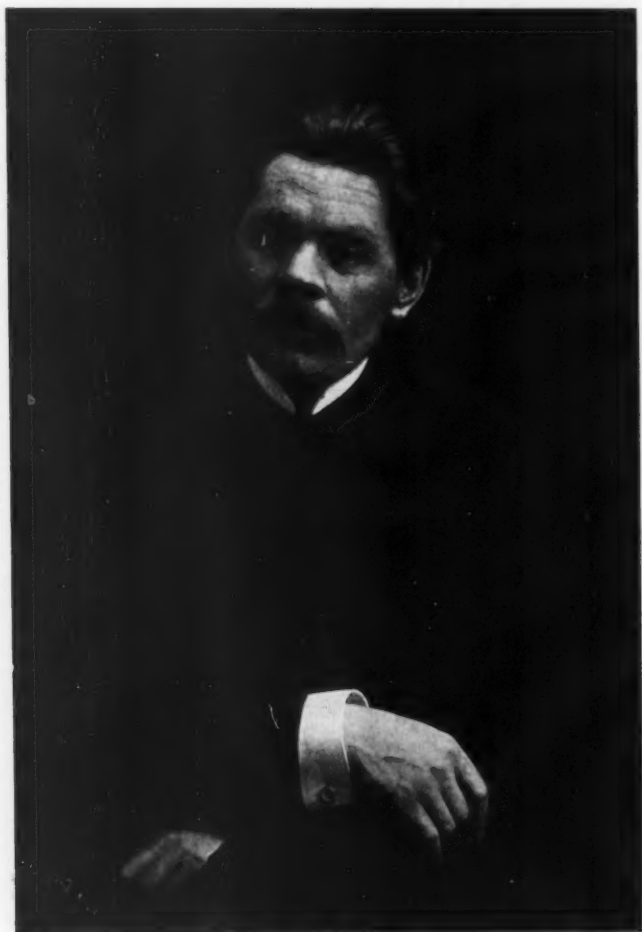
In order to repair such a book, pull the cover off altogether; if the end section is loose overcast it to the book with a piece of fine book-binders' thread, then take two pieces of mill-board as near as possible to the thickness of the boards, place one on each side so as to hold the joints perfectly in place, and put in the press over night. If the end papers are very much worn, new ones may be attached before the book is pressed.

When the book is well pressed the cover may be replaced. A method often used in repair-shops is to take a piece of coarse-meshed linen about an inch wider than the back of the book and a little shorter and glue it on, leaving an inch flap at each side. When the back is dry these flaps may be pasted to the covers, and when they in turn are dry, a sheet of the end paper may be cut to fit and pasted over like a filling-in paper.

*By Mertice Buck.*







ALEXIS MAXIMOVITCH PESHKOFF (MAXIM GORKY), LEADER  
OF THOUGHT AMONG THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE OF TO-DAY